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THE JERUSALEM
POST MAGAZINE

the
eternal
triangle
style
quality
fashion



Much ado
about oil

Friday, February 16, 1973

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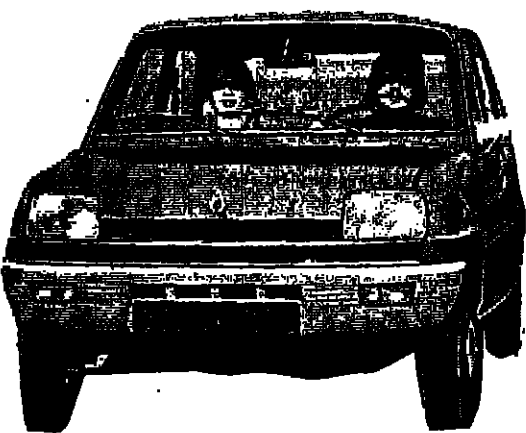
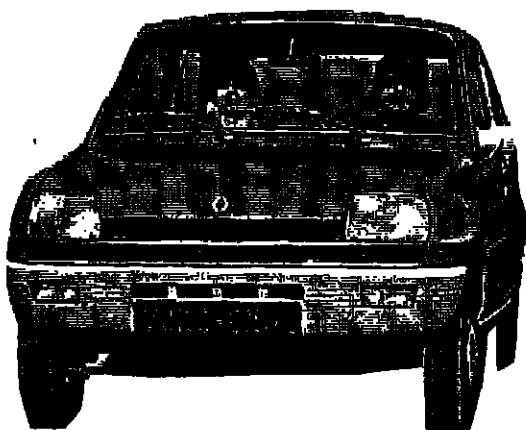
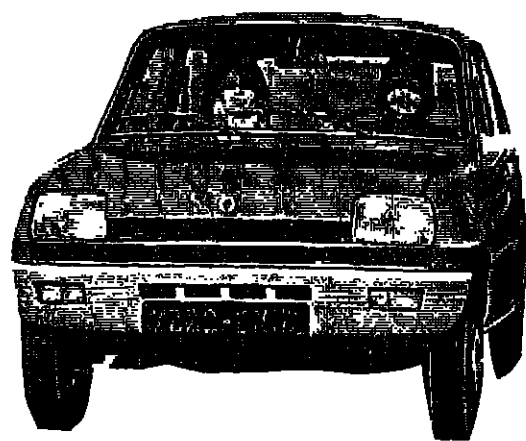
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مكنا من الأصل

THE RENAULT 5 CROWNED BY THE ENGLISH



The Daily Telegraph Magazine, in cooperation with the B.B.C. and with the assistance of Mr. Charles Bulmer, the editor of Motor, has organized a poll among 14 correspondents of the international motoring press, in order to choose

"THE BEST CARS OF THE YEAR, 1972.

The jury had to choose from the new cars introduced on the European market between August 1, 1971 and July 31, 1972, and of which more than 5,000 passenger cars or 1,000 G.T. — (Gran Turismo) were produced.

The choice was based on 4 criteria:

1. Technical features (safety, anti-pollution, ease of maintenance)
2. Styling and Design (streamlining, comfort, and functional qualities of the car)
3. Performance (roadholding, braking system, and general behaviour of the car under various driving conditions)
4. Price/performance ratio.

The results were announced at the opening of the International Motor Show in London, in October 1972.

a) In the best low-priced saloon category:

- 1st RENAULT 5
- 2nd TOYOTA CARINA
- 3rd VAUXHALL

b) In the general classification (all categories):

- 1st JAGUAR XJ 12
- 2nd RENAULT 5
- 3rd ALFA ROMEO ALFETTA

The Regie RENAULT is very proud of having the RENAULT 5 chosen by such an outstanding panel and awarded **FIRST PRIZE** as the Best Low Priced Saloon.

It is also particularly gratified at having a mass-produced car of its manufacture given second prize in the general classification, between the JAGUAR XJ 12 and the ALFA ROMEO ALFETTA.

**DO YOU NEED ANY FURTHER PROOF THAT
RENAULT 5 IS THE CAR FOR YOU?**

RENAULT 5

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The energy crisis: fact and fantasy

A spectre is haunting the West these days: the old-new spectre of a "fuel shortage." There has been speculation that it might cause the Western powers, notably the United States, to succumb to the political demands of the Arab oil-producing states, which supply most of the West's energy requirements today. Three of The Post's correspon-

dents—SAM LIPSKI in Washington, DAVID LENNON in London and JACK MAURICE in Paris — examine the real nature of the alleged crisis, and discover that there is rather less to it than meets the eye. A noted expert, Prof. NADAV SAFRAN of Harvard, now in Jerusalem, pinpoints the cause of the oil furore — in the U.S. itself.

ONE HELLUVA STORY

By SAM LIPSKI

WASHINGTON. — WE fuel crisis, as they might have said in the good old days of epic movies, is one story. It has everything.

It is a story of the shape of the oil companies' fabulous "fuel shakedown" with exotic names: assorted White House aides; economists who argue there is a crisis at all; and environmentalists; powerful senators.

There are also investment bankers who talk of billions flowing into the money markets of the West and causing havoc; communist leaders voicing their opposition to the American policy in the East; politicians warning the threat to American self-

sufficiency; motor industry lobbyists trying to keep the price of petrol down; natural gas lobbyists trying to force the price of gas up; and consumers wondering what the whole debate means for them.

If on this picture you superimpose a more than usual amount of bureaucratic confusion inside the United States Government about what is really happening and a more than usual amount of media sensationalism, you will get some idea of why the "fuel crisis" is currently the hottest item on the shelves of the news supermarkets.

The first thing one learns when investigating the "fuel crisis" and its foreign policy implications, if any, is that the term has different meanings even for those who share the view that a problem exists. But as far as its impact on foreign policy is con-

cerned, there is general agreement that the main issue is the growing dependence of the U.S. on Middle East oil imports.

However, in trying to assess the extent of this dependence over the next 10 years, one discovers considerable disagreement on figures. Some experts predict that by 1980 the U.S. will have to import around half of its oil needs, and that 70 per cent of this amount will have to come from Arab oil producers. Other predictions are higher or lower.

Why this dependence? Again there are widely differing explanations. The conventional wisdom seems to be that there is a worldwide shortage of energy resources, and that the U.S., with its huge consumption, cannot keep up with the demand. Not so, argues a leading oil economist in the latest issue of the magazine "Foreign Policy."

Professor Maurice A. Adelman, of M.I.T., argues that the shortage is a fantasy. There is enough fuel already available from alternative sources, he claims, to satisfy U.S. needs until 1985. The real problem is the oil producers' cartel, which has bluffed the U.S. into resigning itself to a shortage which is both unnecessary and artificial, as well as to high prices.

For the present, Adelman is in a minority. The more widely heard view of the problem was summarized in the "Wall Street Journal" last month by Robert Keatley, the newspaper's diplomatic correspondent.

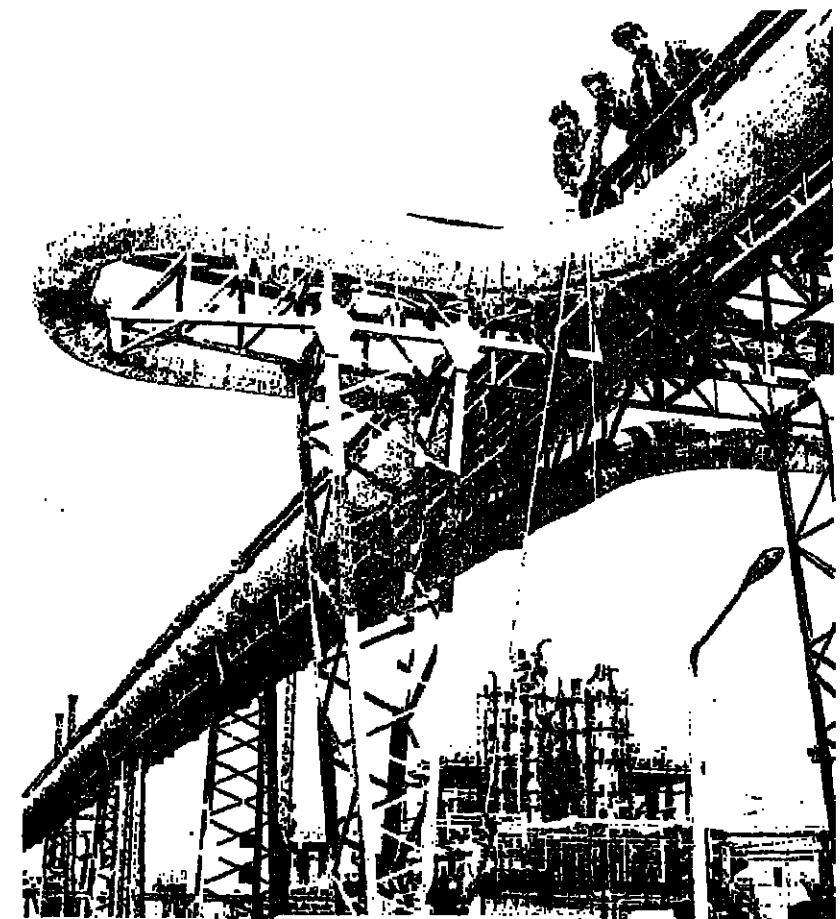
Whether the energy crisis was a fraud or not — that is, whether there was a shortage or a surplus — was irrelevant, according to Keatley. What mattered was that the industrialized countries

were facing effective demands for higher prices from Arab and other oil nations, which were taking over much of the industry, either by outright nationalization or by becoming partners of oil companies.

As the oil revenue of Arab governments grew — as much as \$40,000m. by 1980 compared to \$5,000m. in 1970 — Keatley summarized the foreign policy concerns of the U.S.

In the Middle East, he said, some analysts saw a growing contradiction between massive American aid to Israel and increased need for Arab oil. Although the Arab governments had been unwilling or unable to use dependence on oil as a blackmail weapon, there was doubt as to how long this "restraint" could last.

It was not only the fuel dependence which created problems (Continued on page 4)



(Camera Press)

By NADAV SAFRAN

FRANKS are the people of Israel. They almost never worry about there are good reasons for being so; and never cease to worry and brood over ghosts of their own invention. In 1967, for example, when friends of Israel were having nightmares about the Government of Israel being short of breath, the people of Israel were chafing at the bit and clamouring to be free to go at the enemy.

Suddenly, when statesmen went to the aid of the Russians, the people of Israel found themselves in a sticky situation that upper lip. Yet, let Secretary Rogers whisper something about initiative, or movement, or settlement, and his utterance reverberates all over Israel as pressure. Let the Vietnamese agreement be signed, and no conversation in the country can be at the anxious question, "Do we think we are next?"

It is as if the people of Israel had adopted Churchill's famous line to read: "In stress, danger, in normal times, great reflections are occasioned by watching the exciting and currently sweeping the count of the so-called fuel crisis about the United States. Israelis hold by their media and their commentators that the U.S. is at short of oil and highly dependent on the future supply of oil from the Middle East countries, which are for the U.S. to desert from its Congress as well as key people in the administration and the bureaucracy.

ful oil lobby in Washington pressing in the same direction. Now that the U.S. is facing a fuel crisis, is it not likely to be more responsive to these combined pressures? The possibility gives rise to particular anxiety because it reinforces previous speculations about imminent American pressure associated with the end of the U.S. elections, the cease-fire in Vietnam, and whatnot.

The general subject of American pressure deserves separate consideration; but as far as the present oil scare is concerned, it is about as relevant to Israel as

The immense investments, and prospects of the oil companies risk meeting the same fate as the S.S.T. (Supersonic Transport) project, which was killed by Congress despite the most fervent advocacy of the White House. The extent about the present and future supply of oil almost certainly has its roots in a counter-effort of the big oil companies and their supporters to break through the environmentalists' resistance and secure the necessary authorizations to go ahead with the job of extracting and transporting the Alaskan oil.

can companies for government intervention to secure them a share in the Iraq Petroleum Company. Once that was secured, the crisis vanished, even though not a drop of Iraqi oil reached the U.S.

In 1940, there was another scare connected with King Ibn Saud's threat to turn to Britain unless the American companies provided him empty treasury with a substantial advance. The scare advanced once the companies persuaded the U.S. Government to make Saudi Arabia eligible for Lend-Lease and grant the old

evaporated all the same once the failure became apparent.

Other "crises" have erupted in connection with the complex struggle between the American international producers and the local companies over the permissible amount of oil imports; and these too vanished once a decision valid for a period of time was made. A person knowing all this could have predicted in advance that the imbroglio over Alaskan oil would produce another big oil scare. This does not necessarily mean that the oil companies do not now have a point; it simply means that if Israel wants to follow American oil politics, it must learn its language and style.

If one must, after all, look for a connection between the present oil scare and Israel, one may find one that, strangely enough, places Israel and the big companies on the same side of the fence. The oil companies are arguing this time that the U.S. should let them develop the Alaskan resources effectively because otherwise it would soon become dangerously dependent on Middle East oil.

To the environmentalists' anticipated question as to what is wrong with that, the companies give the theoretical answer that the Middle East countries are unstable. Mind you, not alienated or antagonized by this or that policy of the U.S. Government, but simply basically unstable. So that no policy change, no coddling of Israel's expense, is relevant here. To this, Israel can only say: Amen.

Alaska is the key

the elephant to the Jewish question.

Admittedly, there is something beneath the surface of the scare; but it has to do not with Israel, but with Alaska. The big American oil companies have invested billions of dollars in explorations and concession rights in that part of the American continent and have worked out all the plans to exploit the massive oil reserves they have tapped there. However, for several years now, they have been stymied by the wave of concern for the environment that has been sweeping the country and has engulfed the Congress as well as key people in the administration and the bureaucracy.

This thesis cannot, of course, be proved by trying to trace the origins of the oil scare to oil company sources. However, there is much circumstantial historical evidence to support it. For example, there have been many oil scares in recent American history but somehow these have always coincided with specific major requests from big oil companies to the United States Government. Once these requests were satisfied, or even once it became apparent that they would not be satisfied, the oil "crisis" disappeared as suddenly and mysteriously as it had appeared.

There was, for instance, a big oil scare in 1919-20, which coincided with a request by Ameri-

king a \$30m. loan. Five years later there was another one that was resolved when Aramco was allocated priority for steel, at the time still in short supply, to build the Tapline to take out Saudi Arabian oil.

In 1947-48 there occurred the only oil scare that could be specifically traced to oil companies, thanks to "The Forrestal Diaries." The diaries of the United States First Secretary of Defence, published in 1951, revealed an effort to induce the Government to refrain from supporting Zionism so as not to embarrass American oil companies operating in the Arab countries. In this instance the companies ultimately failed to get their way; but the crisis

The decline of William Shakespeare

(Continued from page 7)

If he is exceptional, he can read an Israeli afternoon paper. The former has all Hebrew literature open to him, and can pick up spoken Hebrew very quickly.

"The reformers say that the idea is that sabras should be able to understand and talk English," she comments. "With whom and to whom? Tourists? Anglo-Saxon immigrants? If they learn Shakespeare and go abroad, they'll pick up English soon enough. I've had hundreds of pupils who have studied Shakespeare, and they have all loved it. They have left school more cultured people."

"They want to emphasize oral comprehension and talking, rather than reading and writing, to give more tactile. So what's the great tactile in the new syllabus? The stress on the oral approach will leave the pupil with a very limited vocabulary and a limited knowledge of English literature. It's basically a question of what we want to do for our pupils. Do we want to teach them English like Hyman Kaplan was taught in America? An immigrant to America needed some sort of spoken English fast, to get a job or run a business. Our students are in quite a different situation: they need cultural education, not training in the use of language only as a tool."

THE question of whether they should be taught Shakespeare was one which used to agitate the breasts of contributors to the *Jerusalem Post Junior*, who were, of course, the youngsters whose English was of a high standard. Some were moved to mutiny and rage by having to master the English of the greatest of Englishmen: others thought that the experience was challenging, stimulating, inspiring, wonderful.

Mrs. Sheila Sar-Shalom, a veteran teacher of English at the Ma'ale High School in Jerusalem, now also a consultant on English teaching, shares the latter view. She mourns the dropping of the great Elizabethan like Antony mourning Caesar.

"I don't think it's a good idea," she says. "The pupils have a wonderful time learning Shakespeare, if it's properly taught, as living drama, as well as language. Of course it's demanding, it means that the teacher has to be good. But, if the teacher is no good, what syllabus will help? I've had pupils come to me years later and say how much they enjoyed the Shakespeare, how well they remember it, how it conditioned their whole approach to English. I think it's an easy way out, dropping Shakespeare, and it's a pity."

Otherwise she approves of most of Mr. Geffen's ideas — teaching children to read a newspaper to carry on a conversation, to master the scientific and technological jargon they'll need in later studies.

"But don't banish Shakespeare!" she insists. "It all depends on getting better teachers. If you have good teachers, you'll have no problem."

On the other hand, another veteran teacher, Uriel Hyman, of the Hugin High School in Haifa, where his pupils consistently achieve excellent results in the matriculation, thinks that Shakespeare is too tough for the average sabras.

"They never really master the text," he says. "It's a bit too much for them. I think it's a good idea to drop Shakespeare. They like Shaw very much. We've always done a lot of oral work. I'm a great believer in talks in class, discussions, debates, getting them to express themselves in English."

IN the last resort, the test of now by our sabra high school any system of teaching depends on results. Can we say that we are satisfied with the quality of English attained up to the level of the test?

Rabbinical Assembly of America

In cooperation with Tel Aviv University Law School

THREE-DAY SEMINAR

Jewish Law in the State of Israel

In commemoration of the 25th anniversary of the State of Israel

PROGRAMME

I. OPENING SESSION

February 19, 1978 (17 Adar I) 2.30-5.00 p.m.

Trubowitz (Law) Building, Tel Aviv University

GREETINGS

Professor Amnon Rubinstein, Dean, Tel Aviv University Law School

REMARKS

Doctor Judah Nadich, President, Rabbinical Assembly of America

LECTURE

JEWISH LAW AS REFLECTED IN THE DECISIONS OF THE SUPREME COURT OF ISRAEL

His Honour, Dr. Shimon Agranat,

President of the Supreme Court of Israel

Chairman

Professor Aaron Kirschenbaum, Chairman, Department of Jewish Law, Tel Aviv University Law School

II. February 20, 1978 (18 Adar I) 2-5 p.m.

Hilton Hotel — Tel Aviv

STATE AND RELIGION IN ISRAEL

A. Developments in the Rabbinic Judiciary of Israel

Prof. Menachem Elon, Director, Institute of Research in Jewish Law, the Hebrew University Law School

B. Governmental Policy Towards Jewish Law*

Dr. Nahum Rakover, Director, Jewish Law Division of the Ministry of Justice, Jerusalem

III. February 21, 1978 (19 Adar I) 2-5 p.m.

Hilton Hotel — Tel Aviv

JEWISH LAW IN A MODERN STATE — PROBLEMS OF RECEPTION AND ACCOMMODATION

A. Jewish Law in the Legislative Activity of the Knesset

The Honourable Dr. Yosef Goldschmidt, M.K. Chairman, Knesset Committee for Legislation and the Constitution

B. Jewish Religious Legislation in the Knesset

Prof. Aaron Kirschenbaum, Chairman, Department of Jewish Law, Tel Aviv University Law School

Lectures in Hebrew, discussion in English.

ALL SESSIONS ARE OPEN TO THE PUBLIC

Tomorrow, Saturday, February 17, visiting rabbis and lay leaders from the U.S.A. will join in prayers at the United Synagogue Building, 2 Rehov Agnon, Jerusalem. Rabbi Theodore Friedman will deliver the sermon.

The Rabbinical Assembly, which has its head office in New York, numbers more than 1,100 Rabbis, 850 of them serve as Rabbis of Conservative congregations in the U.S.A., Latin America, Europe, and Israel.

SHALOM COHEN reports on a tour of Sharm e-Sheikh, where the first houses in the urban settlement of Ophira are soon to be completed.

"WE'RE back in the centre of the country," someone said when we returned to Eilat from a visit to Ophira — Hebrew name for Sharm e-Sheikh. This was overruling it, yet it expressed the general feeling after traversing the Sinai desert from its southern tip to the northern, *en de sae* end of the Gulf of Eilat. It's the same feeling one had visiting Eilat when they started building that town.

Now, opposite a notorious inlet called Tiran, the first blocks of apartments have risen in the sand at Ophira. The buildings certainly look solid and permanent. Construction cranes scoop concrete, and building workers scramble through the almost completed four-storey blocks. The weather was spring-like, and the temperature must have been around the 10 degrees the Ophira masterplan records as the minimum, rising in summer to 45.

Water larks it here. The Red Sea, only it's blue, is the magnet. (Water for gardens, that's for Ramat Gan.) Two desalination now produce 500 cu.m. a day; more will be built. A power-desalination plant is something for the future. Near the straits, lies the good ship Hey Darna, her motion arrested indefinitely by a reef. The Egyptian coastal gun at nearby Ras Nasrani, spiked in an earlier campaign, is burnished smooth by snaphooting cranes. But politico-strategic building is changing the coastline.

In a few months' time, around Pessah — according to Housing Minister Zeev Sharef and his aides — Ophirites will move into the first completed permanent apartments. They will be the first of 90 units in the two blocks expected to be ready for total occupancy by the end of the year, which constitute the beginning of a long-term plan for 1,000 housing units. Another 225 units are planned for 1974, as the second phase.

In a guided tour of the unfinished buildings, architects and planners pointed out the special building materials, the insulation in the walls, and the general design aimed at trapping the maximum breeze. The shape of the buildings gives a feeling of privacy and an uninterrupted view of the sea.

Ophira will be the country's first urban project to have central air-conditioning — as well as a central hot water supply piped to each apartment.

The architects explained the climatic and engineering problems, the special reinforced concrete used to meet the demands of an earthquake area. The planners repeatedly used the word "compact" to describe the underlying concept of the town's layout, mainly aimed at cutting down walking distances. A small shopping centre will adjoin the buildings, and blocks will be linked by air-cooled arcades.

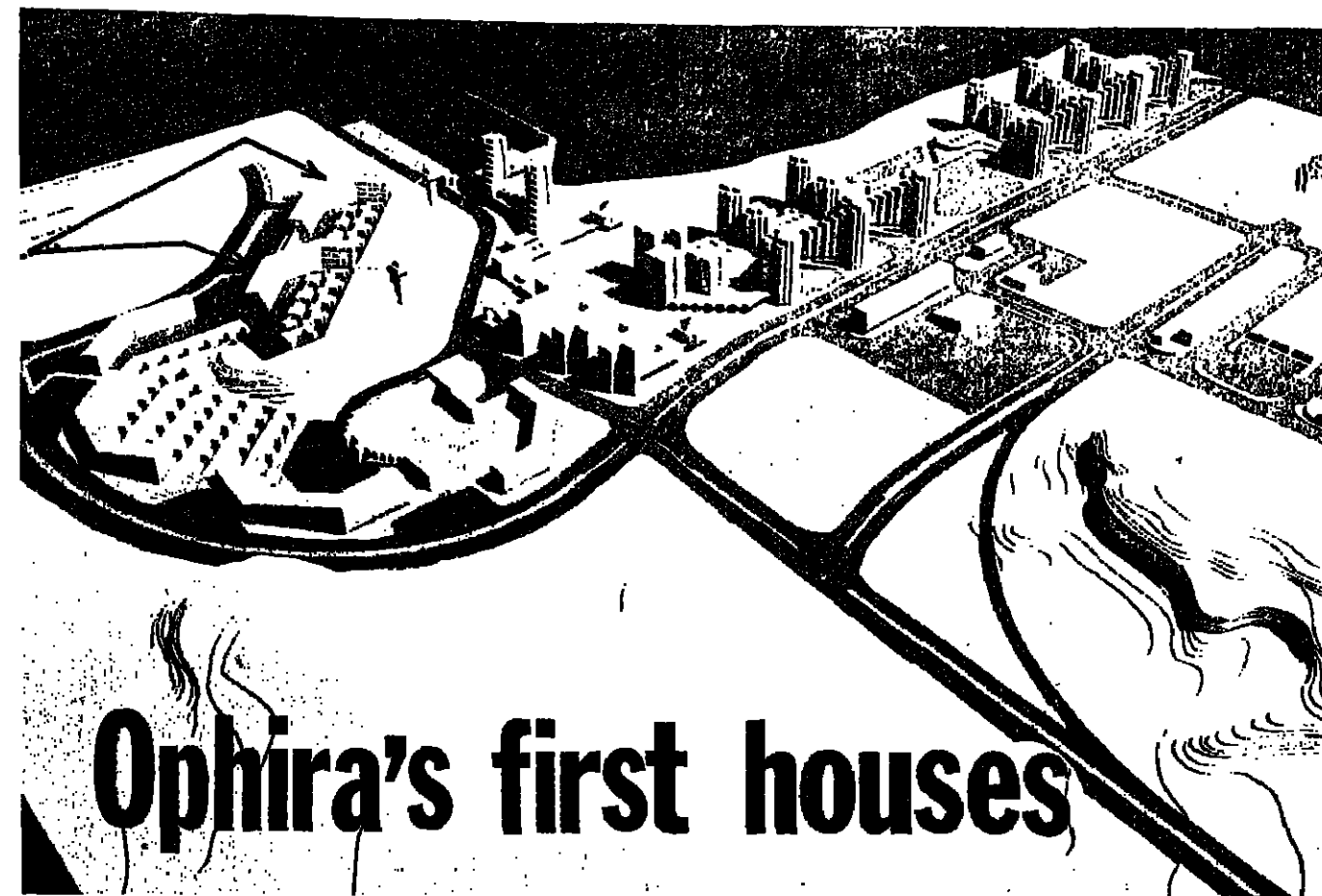
The present two blocks look down on the sea from a sandy promontory 20 metres high. People living on this upper reach will have an elevator to take them down to the beach. At a later stage, houses of one and two storeys, with patios, will be built in front of those two blocks. In still later phases of the masterplan, eight-story apartment buildings will rise around the bay.

Mr. Sharef, happily exploring the construction site, predicted that "the first thousand won't have to wait long for the second." Budget, we inferred from the view, will probably be the determining factor for the later stages of the plan.

The Minister told us how he had been fighting in the Cabinet for a special separate budget for Ophira and other urban projects, in which he included Kiryat Arba at Hebron and the planned regional centre at the Rafah approaches.

The cost of building at Ophira is, of course, high because of the physical demands and the transport costs. The first 90 apartments, of an average 75 sq.m., cost the Ministry of Housing from IL150,000 to IL170,000 each, including infrastructure. Purchase prices have still to be fixed.

The masterplan for the "first thousand units" — as the Ministry's glossy Ophira brochure puts it —



Architect's model of Ophira first stage. Arrows at upper left of photo indicate the two buildings which are due to be completed in a few months.

was allotted a budget of IL183m. This excluded investment by "defence agencies, the Southern Sinai Civilian Authority, and private investors," it adds. The Authority was the first to devise a plan for Ophira city, in 1967-70, when it was headed by nature-enthusiast Aluf (Res.) Avraham Yoffe. Two years ago, the Authority carried out parts of the infrastructure: the basic road, water and electricity systems.

In 1971, work began on a central Egged bus station. Beit Bahayal — a servicemen's centre — industrial structures, a field school, a central hotel, and ancillary services, including beach facilities. Some modest concrete structures could be seen way back in the "hinterland" of Ophira, but none of the Ministry officials on the tour were able to say what they were intended for.

The 90-unit blocks were begun in January 1972. The planners praised Solal Boneh, the contractors, for their dedicated efforts. Later, at a luncheon in the Solal Boneh camp, "out of town" near Ophira airfield, a company spokesman told Mr. Sharef, "If asked to, we will open a branch in Ophira, just as we did in Eilat."

My neighbour at this lunch in a large wooden bungalow, an elderly, wiry building foreman, who sees his family in the north every fortnight, told me simply, "I didn't want to come, but how could I refuse?" That was after we had been discussing the weather at Sharm.

After his talk with the press, Mr. Sharef went off to meet the *va'ad ha'chukim*, the local committee, which will approve the residents of the new housing estate. They were expected, we were told, to be people already working at Ophira and their families, and regular Army personnel, though outsiders "such as doctors" would be welcome.

EVERYTHING at Ophira, as we said earlier, centres on the sea. All future housing has been designed to look seaward or, with a traveller's imagination, to Africa and the Orient. One can picture an Ophirite looking out from his balcony and setting his watch by a passing tanker.

The casual visitor is tricked by the topography. The housing now going up lines a bay called Sharm e-Moya. A tongue of land separates this bay from — or joins it with — Sharm e-Sheikh, which the military and the navy have made into an "old town."

Another bay is for visitors and tourists. This fortunately, is no mean inlet. On one side are air-conditioned igloos for fair-weather holidaymakers ("Why don't they build here for young couples?" someone asked), and other beach structures. The opposite side of the bay is, so far, unadorned except by nature, and on this cool February day was claimed by a dozen or so tents and private car-trailers.

Further on lies the airfield. Side Ophir, where one can see a completely pre-fabricated air terminal, imported from the United States, almost ready for use. The trail-blazers of colonization, signposts, are beginning to make their appearance.

LONG ago, it was Mr. Ben-Gurion who told the country's youth to go South, and went himself. Side Boker to lead the way. That was long before Ophira was a gleam in anyone's eye. We remembered this while driving along the spectacular highway to Sharm after a tour of settlements in the Arava desert.

A forgotten settlement area? Not entirely, though some of the settlers "this side of the green line" seemed to feel so. For obvious reasons, new settlement across the green line makes news, and it was striking how Ministry spokesmen at various stages of the two-day tour for diplomatic correspondents were at pains to emphasize what was being established over the line.

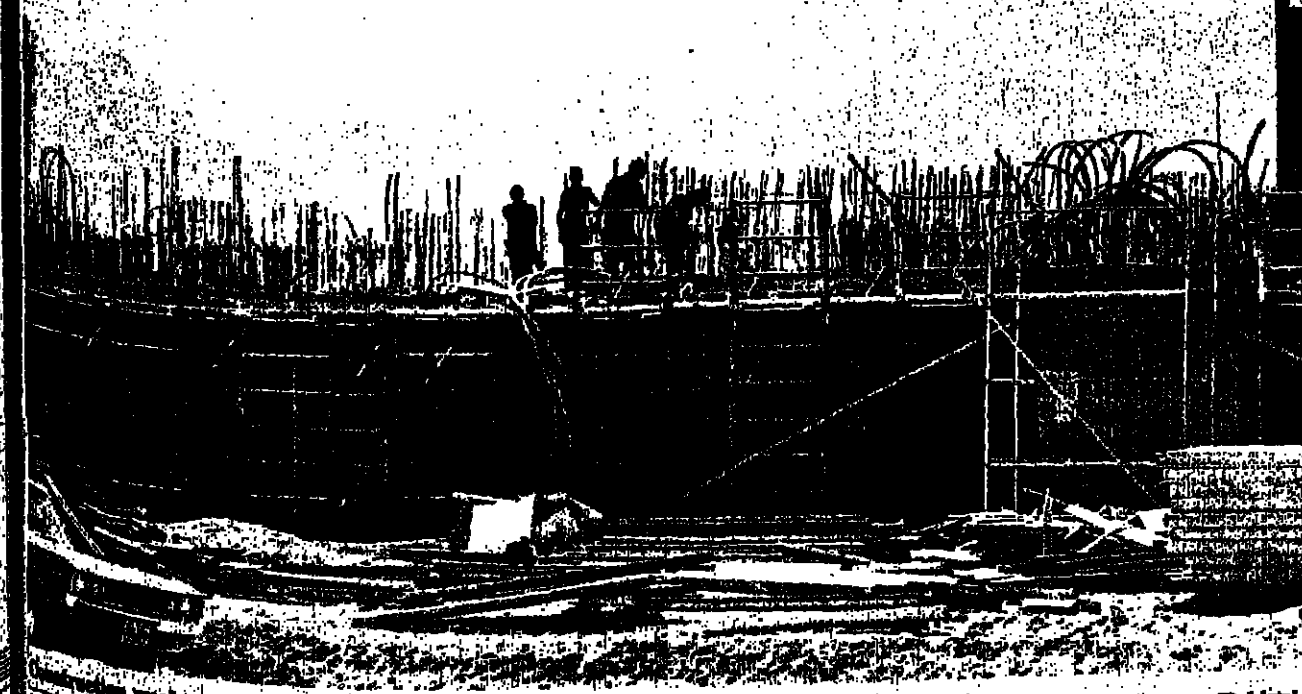
Forgotten area is not exactly true, since we visited some new Arava villages, which, like Nahal, began as a collection of concrete prefabs put up in a few months. The Arava settlements, kibbutzim and moshavim, were set up to populate the large, empty stretch between the northern Negev and Eilat, and as security points with an eye on the long border with Jordan. This objective is still valid, but for some of the present Arava settlers, apparently not enough.

The articulate spokesmen of the settlement acknowledged that their fellows were divided into optimists and pessimists. At Eilat, in the central Arava, a relatively prosperous moshav with a waiting-list of candidates, a settler lamented that the oasis village felt isolated. There were problems of schooling for an incomplete range of age groups. Cultural isolation was another problem. The solution? A city should be built in the Arava. Such an idea was mooted a long while back, but it remained on paper. Eilat was never so green when we visited it a few years ago. Then, it was all like the bare sandy lots on which they are now putting up cottages for new members.

In the southern Arava, at the comparatively veteran Kibbutz Yotvata, we met both optimists and pessimists. Yotvata, truly a garden in the desert, is famed for its dairy produce, which it markets mainly in Eilat. The pessimist there told us that when they started the settlement they never thought that after 20 years "on the soil," it would not have more members. A group which evidently set great store by culture and social values, the kibbutz has now accepted "fringe" youth from the cities, and is making efforts to adapt itself to Western immigration. He, too, thought a city should be built in the Arava — only in the southern part.

A second Yotvata settler brimmed over with optimism. He took us to a sandy hillock, its top being for additional housing for new members.

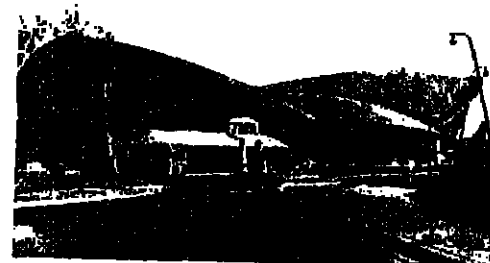
"Generally speaking, you have to be a bit *meshuga* to join us," he said, beaming. Kibbutz women wheeled prams between the lawns, and you had to turn round to remember it was in the middle of the desert. There need to be a lot more *meshuga* people — crazy idealists, pioneers, or what have you — to set up home in Ophira and the Arava.



Construction work on Ophira residential buildings in early stages, photographed about a year ago. (Rabbinical)

مكتبة من الأصل

WHY MORE PEOPLE ARE NOW CROSSING THE ATLANTIC WITH TWA's AMBASSADOR SERVICE THAN WITH ANY OTHER AIRLINE.



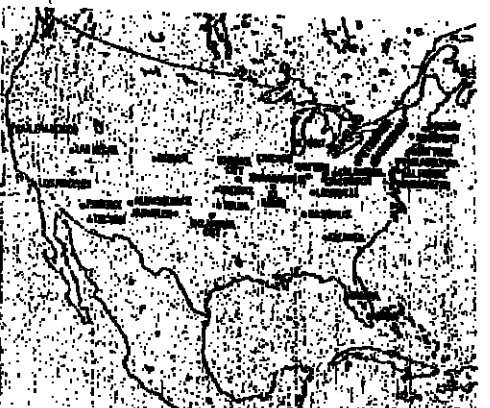
TWA is the only airline to have a terminal to itself at New York's Kennedy Airport.

BETTER.



On Ambassador Service, you get a choice of three main meals in economy.

BETTER.



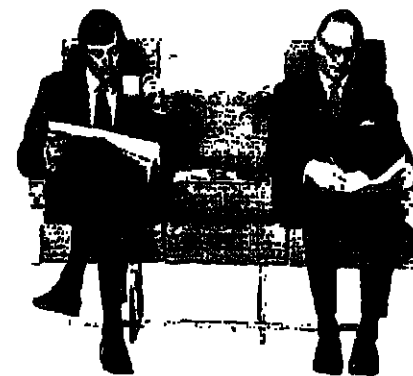
TWA doesn't just fly you to New York. We fly you to 35 other U.S. cities as well.

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On all TWA's, you travel with a Director of Customer Services. He can make instant bookings in the air.

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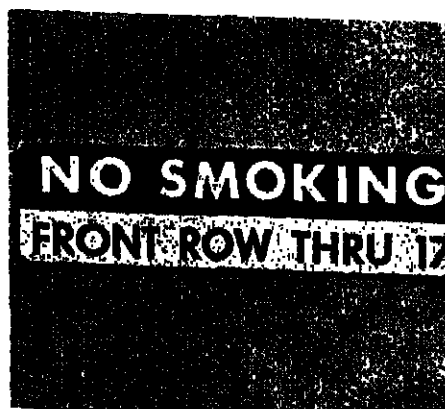
TWA's 707 twin seat. When nobody's sitting next to you, the middle becomes a side table.

BETTER.



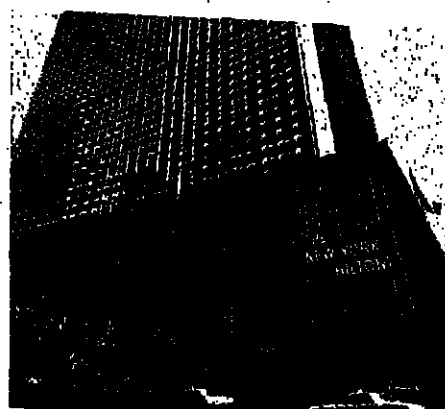
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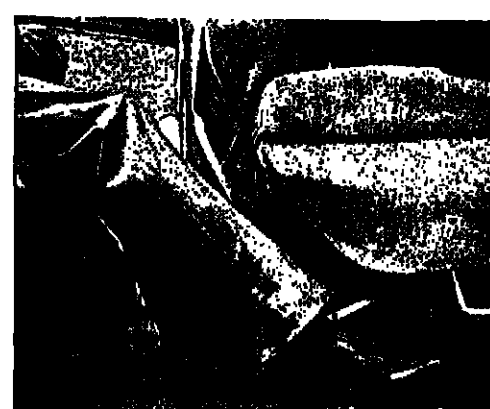
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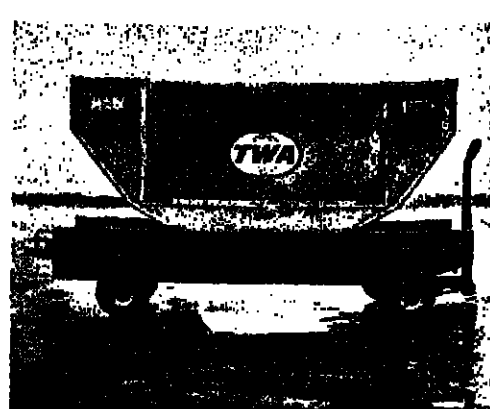
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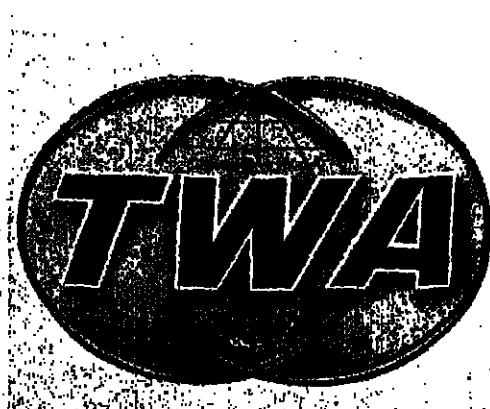
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Bab el-Wad



Jerusalemites line up for water during February, 1948, after the water supplies were cut off.

BAB el-Wad, I will never forget you...

The husky voice of Yaffa Yarushan on a record nearly a quarter of a century old is still one of the poignant symbols of the War of Independence, conjuring up memories of smooth-faced young men, boys and girls in stocking caps set at jaunty angles, toting their pathetic little Sten guns as they straddled the overladen trucks that laboured up the steep wooded incline to Jerusalem, as often as not under a hail of Arab bullets.

The period has many heroes. The ones who are most often remembered are the 500 youngsters assigned to duty on the convoys that brought the supplies from the plain to besieged Jerusalem through the Gateway to the Valley that we know today as Sha'ar Hagai.

But there are also the unsung heroes, foremost among them the reliable army of drivers, members of the bus and truck companies as well as individuals, who staked their lives — and their vehicles — on getting the supplies through.

In a way, these men are comparable to the men of Britain's merchant navy in World War II. But unlike them, they have never received official recognition.

"When my grandchildren ask me what I did during the War of Independence, what am I to tell them? I didn't even get the campaign ribbon."

This question was put to me separately by two veterans of the Bab el-Wad run, Moshe Even Tov and Ya'acov Feinholz, both still members of the Sholev cooperative whose trucks they drove on those hair-raising journeys during the epic month of February 1948.

THE Arabs' concentration on the "battle of the roads" was of course no chance development. For one thing, this was the accepted form of fighting at the time. It was also how Saladin and his successors slowly but persistently vanquished them on the plains of Hittin — always in hit and run affairs, disrupting communications and supplies. It was a relatively easy affair to send up the male inhabitants of a strategically located village or even an entire neighbourhood. They knew every footpath, every creek and stream, and the road to Jerusalem was, of course, particularly suited for ambushes.

First of all there was a long strip without Jewish settlement stretching all the way from Beit Dagan to Naveh Ilan, which could only be partially bypassed. Then there was the added temptation of the loaded supply vehicles — and certainly not least, there was the story of fighting itself, even for those who were not pious enough to believe that the hours of the day would be the hours of the night.

awaiting them with wide open arms.

There was some loose talk of an over-all Arab master-plan — of splitting the country up into segments and devouring each piecemeal. The Arab Legion — formally still, in February 1948, under British control — was taking an increasingly active and open part in the fighting. Its mortars and guns rained down a relentless bombardment on the Jewish quarters of the city and although this was still not as continuous as it was to become

was vital if the city were to stay in Jewish hands.

Elsewhere, the Arabs had succeeded in achieving part of their aims. Thus the Wadi Ara road, linking Hadera to Afula, was cut off and impassable. So was the northernmost part of the main road between Tel Aviv and Haifa, and traffic had to be diverted at Zichron Ya'acov through Wadi Mith to Yokneam and from there to Yagur and Haifa. But the loss of Jerusalem was unthinkable.

The Field Corps (Hish) and Palmah units were therefore seconded to

Even Tov's vehicle was a Super White ten-tonner. Its cabin was armoured-plated, although the term was something of a euphemism, for it consisted of sheets of eight-millimetre steel plates welded together — the thickest available in the metal workshops in Tel Aviv's Levant Fairgrounds. The wheels were unprotected, and the grille was covered with a shutter which caused frequent engine overheating.

The steel plates weren't quite bullet-proof either. A Lee-En-

Bringing supplies to besieged Jerusalem was one of the major struggles of the War of Independence, particularly until the "Burma Road" was opened in May, 1948. ZE'EV SCHUL talks to two veteran drivers who drove the perilous road through Bab el-Wad (Sha'ar Hagai), the gateway to the valley up to Jerusalem.

In later months, the Arab Legion was the first organized Arab military force to fight against the Hagana.

The cutting off of water supplies from Roah Ha'ayin was still not a crucial issue during that month of copious rainfall 25 years ago. But food supplies were scanty and while the city was still not cut off, it was necessary to lay in stores to provide for possible emergencies. Most important of all, more arms and ammunition were needed. The Czechoslovak rifles and machine-guns (with the swastikas of their former German owners still on their breeches) were just beginning to arrive. But this, too, was only a trickle. There were very few mortars available and practically nothing heavier than the short-ranged two inchers, which were at best comparable to oversized hand grenades.

The defenders, and above all the Jerusalem commanders, knew that getting the supplies through

Jerusalem from the coastal plain as early as December and January, and were almost continuously in action. Their equipment was pitiful. My own squad — 12 strong, including one girl — had exactly three British Lee-Enfield rifles and one Mauser automatic which, as we later discovered, had a broken firing pin.

But we were no worse off than the youngsters on the convoys. The records of the types and quantities of arms available to them show that they had between them 16 light machine-guns and some 70 rifles, in addition to their Sten guns and hand grenades.

THE two Sholev drivers still have the most vivid recollections of what they and their escorts had to face. Both of them — 63-year old Moshe Even Tov of Ramat Gan and 47-year-old Ya'acov Feinholz of Rishon Lezion — are sabras, typical second-generation Israelis.



British troops search convoy which reached Jerusalem at Romema entrance to the city.

marble-sized welt on the inside of the cabin. Heavier stuff or armour-penetrating bullets would perforate the cabin end to end. The din created by bullets striking or glancing off the cabin walls was intolerable.

"It was like sitting inside a huge bell," says Even Tov. The convoy Ya'acov Feinholz remembers best is the last one, just before Jerusalem was cut off from the plain. It was made up of 300 trucks — one of the biggest ever.

"We used to load up in Kfar Bita, taking a roundabout route through Hulda, then running the gauntlet of the Arab villages of Deir Muhsein, Ayyoub on the Latrun to Gaza short-cut, and rejoining the main Jerusalem highway just beyond the Latrun Monastery."

"I was carrying a load of flour that time. I had a couple of hand grenades with me. The bags of flour were arranged on the truck like a sandbagged strong-point, leaving a hollow in the centre for the Palmahnik escorts. There were usually some three or four youngsters on top, and one up in front with me in the cabin. We were supposed to return the same day or as soon as we possibly could."

Moshe Even Tov described what happened when he got to Jerusalem.

"I delivered my load of flour to a baker. I don't want to give his name. Anyway, I drove right up to his bakery with my load — and this fellow comes out, walks around my truck, sees the bullet holes in the flour, and then turns round and says, 'I won't take the stuff.'"

"Why not?" I asked. "Because there are bullets in the flour. I'll have to sieve the whole lot. That means extra work for me. I refuse to accept it."

"Well to cut a long story short I took my load around to the Jerusalem Authority — they had some kind of a committee there almost unscathed, apart from a which was responsible for just peppering of rifle shots at Deir Ayyoub, which caused no harm. But the second half of the convoy, including Ya'acov Feinholz' truck, was less fortunate."

"I caught two bullets in one of my front wheels and found my-

self in a ditch — a shallow one — but we were stuck. The convoy had ground to a halt and we all abandoned our trucks, taking refuge in a ditch. All this happened at Deir Ayyoub, about two kilometres east of Latrun. Bullets were skipping along the road. Anybody who put his head out was hit almost immediately. The Arabs were entrenched along a series of low ridges commanding the area. We could hear them unloading as they sensed victory. Macabee, the commander of the convoy, who had been driving around in an open jeep, was brought to us, wounded. A bullet had caught him between the shoulder blades and he was in very bad shape. Some time later an armoured car drove up and they got him in through the trapdoor in the floor of the vehicle. I was told that they got him to the Hadassah Hospital in Jerusalem but that he died there a short time later.

Road blocked

"Meanwhile, I managed to hitch a ride on a jeep. I got my head down low between the two soldiers, telling myself, 'Never mind your behind — you want to get your head out of here in one piece.' We didn't get much further than Bab el-Wad. The road was blocked just east of the khan. The Arabs had succeeded in setting up another machine-gun position there, in an old disused quarry, and were sweeping the road. They had killed a truck driver, and his vehicle completely blocked the highway. The woods on both sides of the road were literally swarming with men who did not dare come down any closer."

"Eventually, a buddy with an armoured top-truck passed by and agreed to take me with him. We cleared the road and got as far as Kiryat Anavim. He returned to help keep the road open and I went on to Jerusalem — minus my truck."

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"I caught two bullets in one of my front wheels and found my-

(Continued on page 12)

هكذا من الأصل

No pickled olives

Portion of the Week: Tetzaveh
Exodus 27:20 — 30:10.
The verse discussed is 27:20.

THE fig tree is the first tree mentioned by name in the Bible, but only for its leaf: it was with fig leaves that Adam and Eve covered their nakedness, and it is not until Numbers 20:5 that the fruit itself is mentioned. The second tree referred to in the Bible is the olive, but again only for its leaf, the olive leaf which the dove brought back in its beak to Noah as evidence that the floodwaters had receded, and again we have to wait a long time until the leaf grows to a tree.

In Exodus 23:11 which gives the law of the Shemittah year, which this year is, it is stated, almost as an afterthought, "And thus shalt thou also deal with thine vineyard and thine olive." It is only in the opening verse of this week's portion that the olive receives a mention worthy of its importance in the command to the Children of Israel to provide "pure oil of beaten olives for the Eternal Lamp." This raises an interesting point. As far as I am aware there is

not a single reference in the whole Bible to olives being eaten as such; their use seems to have been confined solely to the valuable oil which was extracted from them — valuable as the sole source of illumination, as is reflected in the verse of the week's portion, and as the almost sole source of fats which are essential for nutrition. A third, almost

equally important, use was for perfumes and anointing. In Deut. 28:40 the blight which will affect the olive trees expressly states, "Thou shalt have olive trees throughout the land, but thou shalt not anoint thyself with the oil, for the olive shall cast its fruit."

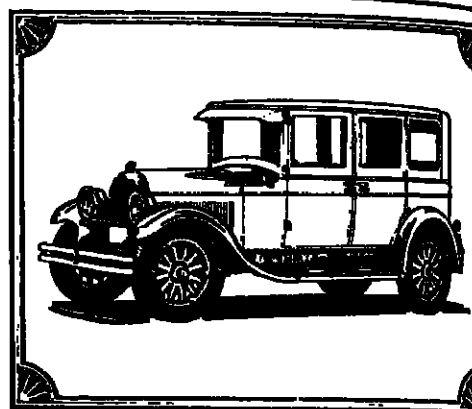
The Midrash to this verse goes into exhaustive and interesting detail on the process of extracting this precious oil (Exodus Rabbah 36.1) and the recent discovery of ancient oil vats, one of which has been set up in the grounds

TORA
AND FLORA

of the Israel Museum, helps to furnish an understanding of it. It is only in the Talmudic period that this double monopoly of the olive was broken. On the one hand, mention is made of the picking of olives, and one species, the *Geloska* is specifically mentioned as most suitable for pickling (Avoda Zara 27). On the other hand, a large variety of diverse oils, which at various times now become available both for illumination and for human consumption. Many of these — e.g. nut oil, sesame oil, oil, colocynth oil and laurel — are enumerated in the chapter of the Mishna of the Sabbath which is included in the Friday night service ("Shema Moadim").

L.I. RABINOVICH

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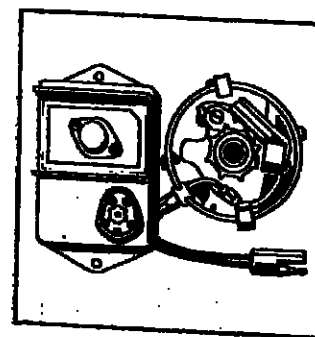
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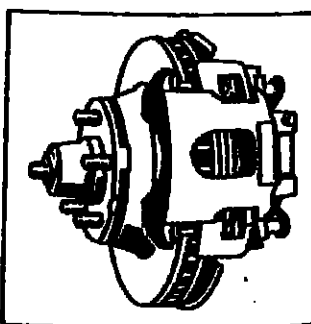
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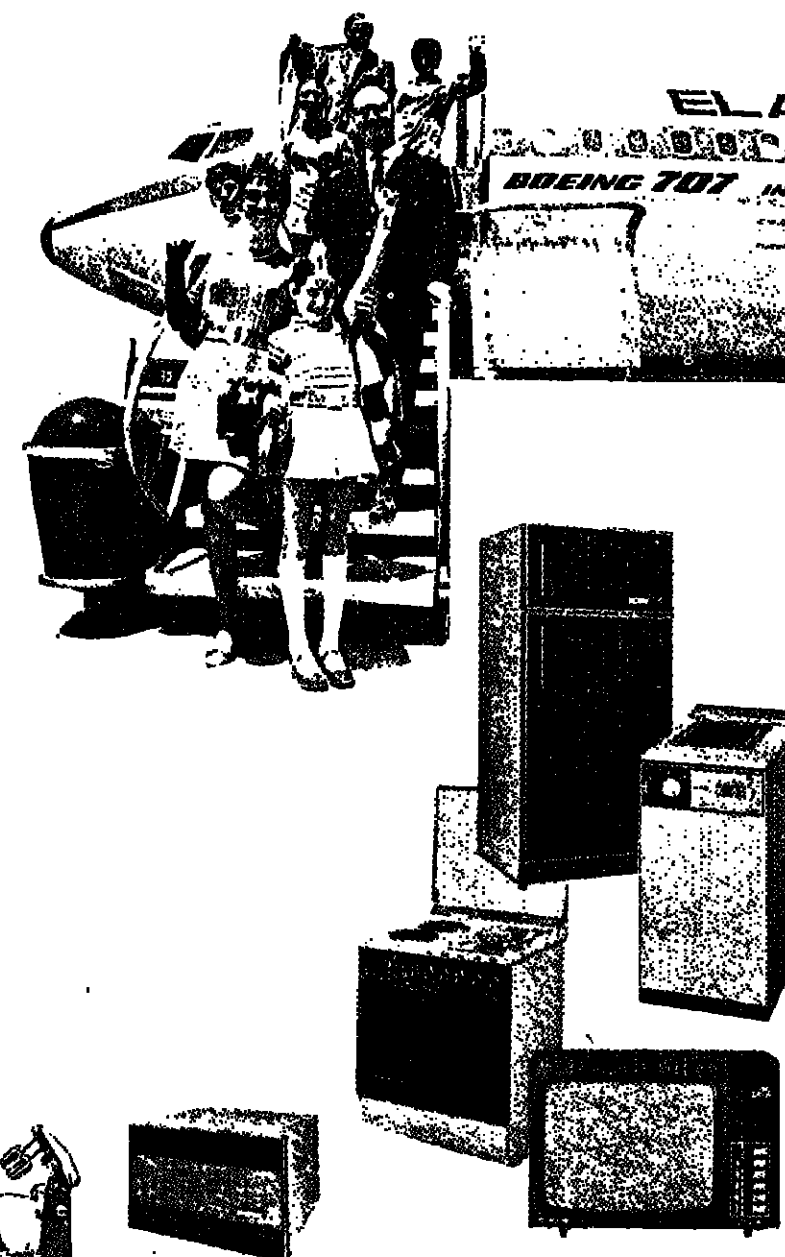
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הכרזה מן האל

Meyer Levin's Second Aliya 'romance' wins coveted poetry prize

THE SETTLERS by Meyer Levin. London, W.H. Allen. 332 pp. 13.
Reviewed by Matthew Nesvicky

THE SETTLERS is a historical romance, not a historical novel, telling of the turn-of-the-century Aliya to this country from East Europe. Keeping the distinction in mind may make all the difference between having a disappointing time or having a grand read.

Novels generally depict well-drawn believable characters who act out realistic conflicts in a recognizable world. Good serious novels deal with ideas which can have relevance to the reader. The characters develop and change with these ideas. The romance, on the other hand, usually features flat, stock-characters whose "lives" are filled with dramatic or melodramatic events, often in an exotic setting, and who are too busy entertaining us to engage us intellectually. Romantic characters, being types, remain unaffected by their adventures. So the difference between historical romance and historical novel is one, say, of "Ivanhoe" and "The Naked and the Dead."

"The Settlers" is clearly in the Walter Scott camp. This statement is in no way intended as a put-down; rather, it is suggested as something to keep in mind if one is to find enjoyment in the book. There are many marvelous scenes in this huge saga: the Chalmovitch family's arrival at turn-of-the-century Jaffa; the beachhead at Gullpol; the struggle against a locust plague, to name just a few. The scenes can be relished for the colour and excitement which Levin serves up in rich portions. But the reader should not allow a concern for truth to detract from the show-business at hand.

Levin gives us historical fact, all right. He weaves into his tale "real" events and institutions and people and properly calls them by name. But this book is not essentially rooted in the history of this country. It is much more firmly anchored in the Yiddish romantic family chronicles of a few generations ago. It is not coincidence that this is also the time of "The Settlers," or that Levin slips into Yiddish so very often (and sometimes with a jarring linguistic effect, e.g., "...and now the pikerkeh comforted herself...").

The fact is that history here serves only as a backdrop against the main story, which is the emotional and economic struggles of the Chalmovitch pioneers. The characters are not there to flesh out the days of the Second Aliya or the crumbling of the Ottoman Empire. It is quite the reverse, for Levin's real concerns are elsewhere. Will ungoinly Leah ever find a man?



CHAIM FLEISHMAN

AN American-born Israeli artist, educator and poet has been awarded the Louise Bogan Memorial Prize in Poetry, one of America's most coveted literary awards. It is announced by Dorothea Neale, President of the New York Poetry Forum. Chaim Fleishman, 44, former Director of the Fleishman Art Gallery in New York City and Hebrew school principal, and now living in Nahariya, was awarded the prize for his poem "4:55 p.m." in absentia at the Forum's Fourth Annual Awards Programme held in New York on January 27. It was selected out of more than 6,000 poems submitted from all over the world (see poem at right).

Louise Bogan, one of America's best loved poets and critic for "The New Yorker" magazine, died at the age of 73 in 1970. The award is given annually in her memory for the best poem in free verse "utilizing the stream-of-consciousness technique." This is the first prize awarded by the New York Poetry Forum to be won by an Israeli.

Fleishman was born in New York City, where he was graduated from the Yeshiva University and received degrees from the Cooper Union College of Art and Hunter College. He taught English, Hebrew, art, history and mathematics in New York City elementary and high schools, and was a Hebrew school principal in Saratoga, N.Y., and Lewiston, Maine. Since settling in Nahariya, and Acra and has worked as a free-lance artist, designing book jackets for Am Oved and designing textile and art design for various manufacturers. He won the "Atlantis" magazine College Poetry Contest Prize in 1956 and the Yaddo Painting Fellowship in 1961.

4:55 p.m. By Chaim Fleishman

She spoke of cats.
They talked of yogs as practiced by Pasadinians.
He listened to a fingernail sound an A-sharp
On a piece of Steinbe valued at a month-and-a-half's wage.
She examined the incisor of the woman from Cos Oob and deduced it was beautiful and real.
He scratched, and only the Modigliani noticed.
They stroked each other's elbows, and only the fatherly-looking man pretended not to notice.
The tall green girl bent over, and, seeing her The sharkskin dropped his olive.
The tall green girl inhaled.
And the sharkskin dropped his jaw.
The pony-tail materialized.
And stilled up to the Palomino in tuxedo.
They galloped from the room and headed for the hay.
Here a short, plump publisher protested Puerto ponderings.
And Privately (he thought) pinched a protuberant portion Of His hostess' niece.
There she was still talking of cats.
When I left The tall green girl moved.
And In her wake Came the sharkskin Inhaled.
On the hill.

John Wain disappoints

THE LOST HUNTER Stories by John Wain. London, Macmillan. 197p. 10s. 6d. (pb) at British Council Library.
Reviewed by Aviva Even-Paz

WHAT happens to a former Angry when he's no longer so angry? John Wain used to be a name to reckon with, bracketed together with Amis, John Braine, Stan Barstow and others of the Angry generation. In the last decade or so, most of them have undergone considerable metamorphoses. Amis is a vicious Tory. Wain has continued to produce a steady stream of novels, poetry and literary criticism — and this latter work, I think, may well last longer than the rest of his writing.

The short-story collection under review is disappointing. For instance, the story "A Man in a Million" is about a hanger-on on the fringes of the literary world. The trouble is that Wain has made one of the minor characters, a rich woman, so much more interesting than the main protagonist that one is irritated that this latter, thin drawn character, should get in the way. Presumably this is because the

WIFE TO A LEGEND

...OR DID I DREAM A DREAM? The Story of Ruth Dayan by Ruth Dayan and Holga Dudman. Weldenfeld and Nicolson Jerusalem and Stamatky's Agency. 275 pp. IL26.50.

Reviewed by Fay Doron



Ruth, Moshe and daughter Yael. (Reproduction by IPFA)

THIS book might rather have been subtitled "The Story of the Dayans," for the personality of the late Defence Minister pervades more than half of it — understanding the couple spent almost 10 years together and this will no doubt make the book a best-seller. In fact, the personality of Ruth Dayan fails to emerge as strongly as it should, as though she were all subdued in the presence of Moshe larger than life. She admitted that in the early years of marriage she felt unsure of her ability to bring up a child and confesses that, in conclusion, and her first reaction was any difficult situation was to let Moshe handle it.

Perhaps Ruth Dayan had to write this story as a kind of catharsis, to free herself finally from the legendary figure she lived with. In 1935 (a halcyon year for Yael), 17-year-old Ruth married 19-year-old Moshe. It was one of the country's most "celebrity weddings" and was reported in the society columns of the country's newspapers. Ruth — young, eager and idealistic — thought her life would consist of a bucolic idyll in which, in the words of the poem by Rachel Herz which the title of the book she would rise at dawn work in the fields by the sweat of her brow (though her favourite was milking the cows at 2 a.m.).

Second place

Her destiny soon marked Moshe a different kind of life and he found himself taking second place in the national needs of the state. It is a little surprising to find that she herself was not an active member of Hagana and in fact the underground party which took her away from her so often and later to turn the handsome Moshe into a legend.

Their first long separation came in October, 1939, when Moshe Dayan and 48 other members of Hagana were arrested by the British and sentenced to 10 years of hard labour (later reduced to five years). In April 1941, they were released in 1941, on account of the trial (which was allowed to attend) and of their health to the prison, the touchstone of her husband wrote to her on her 23rd birthday, and in his letters to her, are a part of her story.

From then on, Ruth Dayan seems to have spent much of her life waiting for Moshe to come home: the World War II reconnoitre which held Syria with Australia, the escape which cost him his eye, the mutilated famous military leader, the many other military adventures he headed. Sometimes she was allowed to go with him, as she did to the Amman talks in Rhodes. The few years that the Dayans managed to live a normal life farming in Nahariya from 1944 until the day of Liberation were happy ones for both of them. She writes:

"Moshe was then a farmer, and I had what I wanted. We were normal people living a normal family life and we were together. Moshe was somewhat away on Hagana duty, but he was always returned and basically we were part of each other's lives. The turning point in their marriage came many years before when an Italian newspaperman was to ask her the question which opened her eyes to the fact of her husband's infidelities. It came in 1948 when the family moved to Jerusalem with Moshe's appointment as Jerusalem Brigade Commander. "Until then," she writes, "Moshe and I had worked together in the fields and in the cowsheds, partners in a way of life." Now he had become a public figure and she had to transform herself into a hostess.

Ruth Dayan tells the story of the breakup of her married life in a matter-of-fact manner and without undue sentiment. The would-be voyeur will find little (and certainly no names) to nourish a squalid curiosity. She can even tell with very humour how she answered telephone calls from hysterical young women trying to reach her husband. Mr. Ben-Gurion told her when she went to him with her problem, that "in the case of great men, their private and public lives will often run parallel but will never meet." She herself, after the divorce last year, summed up what had happened between them:

"For a long time now, I have lived with the deep conviction that Moshe has left the realm of private life and become a kind of public property that belongs to the entire nation... No matter how he behaves, he will be forgiven."

Some Israelis, however, will agree with her in her expressed distaste for a charismatic tendency to live outside the law in other fields. "It did our children no good to see that their father felt he was entitled to break certain normal rules of behaviour — starting with traffic regulations."

A little less than half the book is devoted to Ruth Dayan's own work which turned her into a personality in her own right. A small voluntary effort to help integrate new settlers, into which she was drawn by her mother-in-law, was transformed by Ruth's imagination and initiative into a handicrafts enterprise that has become a household word: Maskit. Even more important than Maskit's contribution to the country's economy has been its achievement in expanding and diversifying Israel's artistic horizons while at the same time giving immigrants an opportunity to continue in their traditional handicrafts and thus not only earn their livelihoods doing what they knew best but also retain their dignity.

Hands

The same love of embroidery she showed in hand-smocking her daughter Yael's baby clothes and of hand-crafted work in general led Ruth Dayan first to Maskit and now, since the Six Day War, to close contact with Arab craftsmen. Today she heads a movement for Jewish-Arab rapprochement. She sums up her philosophy in the statement: "When you see someone working with his hands, it is possible to take his hand."

Total recall

What Ruth Dayan has succeeded in conveying most movingly, partly because of what Holga Dudman calls her gift for total recall, are not only her personal relations but also the atmosphere of death that pervaded so much of her life — the deaths of that gallery of boys, lovely in their brief, idealistic lives and undivided in their heroism and untimely ends. The roll of honour reads like a tragic Book of Numbers: the 23 who were lost at sea in a still-unexplained operation for the British during World War II (the boy she loved at the age of 15 was among them); the 14 blown up on the Night of the Bridges; the 35 who fought to the end in an attempt to relieve the beleaguered settlements of the Etzion Bloc; the hundreds who gave their lives in the War of Liberation (the "silver platter" of Natan Alterman's unforgettable poem), the Bnei Brak Campaign and the Six Day War. Her book is a tribute to these young men — some of them relatives, many of them comrades — as much as it is the story of a wife wedded to a legend.

We are not told exactly how the literary partnership of Ruth Dayan and Holga Dudman worked. The latter is no ordinary ghostwriter but a journalist whose forceful, pithy writing is a notable feature of this newspaper's columns.

However, some readers, too, may be a little irritated with the over-careful attempt to render everything into English for the reader abroad. Israelis will have some difficulty in recognizing in "Cookie, cookie, cookie" the first song they learned as "Ooga, ooga, ooga," even before they went to kindergarten.



Ruth Dayan with out-Roness Gamins. (Photo Tapio Virkala, Finland)

In view of the fact that Weldenfeld and Nicolson are English publishers, incidentally, there seems a powerful reason that American spelling should have been used. The eight pages of illustrations have been carefully chosen to show the main landmarks in Ruth Dayan's life. The photograph of her self and Moshe in Venice on their way to London in 1930 will be of particular interest to those readers who only know Moshe Dayan with an eye-patch and bears out Ruth's remarks about the handsome boy she married. The picture of Ruth herself as the young pioneer in the Shimron commune is enchanting. The book has been clearly printed by the Keter Press of Jerusalem. Curiously, the book carries no dedication to anyone.

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on
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Monday, February 19, 1973 at 8.30 p.m.
at the Jerusalem Theatre — 20 Rehov David Marous
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The Hassidic Rabbi who 'copped out'

By Moshe Kohn

ON Shevat 22, 1859, one of the most remarkable personalities in the history of Hassidism — indeed, of all Judaism — Rabbi Menahem Mendel Morgenstern — better known as Reb Mendele of Kotzk — died at the age of 72 after about 20 years of almost total seclusion. Kotzk has been termed the cradle and the end of Hassidism, and with the death of Reb Mendele ended one of the most fascinating chapters in Hassidism. This chapter began more than 50 years earlier with the conflict between Rabbi Ya'akov Yitzhak Horowitz, the marvelous "Seer of Lublin," and his disciple and namesake, the intellectual Rabbi Ya'akov Yitzhak Rabinovich of Przysucha, the "Holy Jew." Brilliant scholar, suspected of having dabbled in "modern" literature, Reb Mendele inherited the mantle of Przysucha-Hassidism from one of his masters and a former fellow disciple of the

"Seer" and the "Holy Jew," Rabbi Shmha Bunam the "Pharmacist," linguist, former timber merchant and registered pharmacist who, in turn, had inherited it from the "Holy Jew."

Reb Mendele scorned the miraculous aspects of the "Seer's" Hassidism, hadn't the patience for the "Holy Jew's" or the "Pharmacist's" gradualist intellectualism and also scorned the latter's worldliness, as he spurned his own father-in-law's wealth (he was married, at 14, to the sister of Rabbi Itche Meir Alter-Rottenberg, who was later his devoted disciple and after his death went on to found the Hassidic dynasty of Gur which today holds court in Jerusalem). Indeed, all that mattered to him was the "sacred revolt" — the revolt against God, as it were, for the sake of God. To bring about his revolt he cried for no more than 10 disciples worthy of comprehending the guilelessness of knowledge, truth and the holiness, who would go out on the

rooftops with him to proclaim the dominion of God and thus bring about the Final Redemption — an end to human self-deceit and suffering.

His failure to mobilize this small army — though the youth flocked to him almost since his adolescent days at the court of the "Seer" — rapidly turned him from a brilliant rebel who scorned popularity and convention into a desperate, defeated man who despised the world and himself. Some maintain glibly (and really irrelevantly) that he would make a fascinating case study in manic-depression, and point, among other things, to an unhappy married life. Others declare that his extirpation of *lei de shere* and depression came from conviction — the conviction that the world, his Jewish world particularly, was the slave of meaningless convention, that it was sincere neither in its worship of God nor in its pleading to God, and that only a terrible flame — the flames of Kotzk — was capable of

cleansing it. But not enough facts of his life are known to decide.

Kotzk Hassidism used to say that unlike the rest of the world, which makes a show of piety and is careful not to sin in public, Kotzk "sins in public and fulfills precepts and good deeds in secret," and Reb Mendele's career is exemplified by the following incident. Some day vehemently it ever happened; many agree that it happened but do not agree on the version; and many are undecided as to whether it happened but agreed that it could have happened, that it is true to Reb Mendele's character:

One Friday night just before he went to bed in 1889, at about midnight, he suddenly emerged from his study and entered the dining room where his Hassidim were waiting to begin the Sabbath repast. He poured himself a cup of wine to recite the Kiddush, then stood there for a space, taut, trembling, as if engaged in some violent struggle with himself.

There are two versions as to what he did next. According to one version, he suddenly let out a terrified cry: "There is no God! Judge!" and then he fled to his room. The second version, however, has the cup of wine away, and he said, "I have no fear of God, but I am afraid of man!"

This could, indeed, have led to the man who said: "The Evil Urge comes to me as the Evil Urge, I have no fear of the Evil Urge, but I am afraid of man!"

An idea of Reb Mendele's emerges from the following attributed to him and about him.

ON his way to pay his first call on the "Seer of Lublin," young Mendele's fancy was caught by a penknife displayed in a shop, and he bought the knife. When he was admitted to the "Seer's" presence the latter greeted him with: "So you had to come all the way to Lublin to buy a penknife?" Mendele rejoined: "I have not come here to see tricks of clairvoyance and you will not win me with such tricks."

report to the Israelites as to the prospects of taking the Holy Land), as Joshua and Caleb did.

THE Tora says: "See, I have given you life and good." But the short-sighted do not see. Even when they do good they place the good before life, doing good in order to better life. Whereas the Tora places life before good, for life was created only in order to do good.

replied smiling: "They see how sweet the first precept (Be fruitful and multiply) is, so they become ardent about the others."

AT a festive Tu B'Shvat gathering at Reb Mendele's table, his brother-in-law, Rabbi Yehiel Meir, was asked to deliver a discourse on the "New Year of Trees." When Rabbi Meir had completed his brilliant discourse, Reb Mendele said: "You know Itche Meir, in Eretz Yisrael you would not have delivered such a discourse."

will surely take pity on you." The man said: "But I don't know how to pray." "In that case," said Reb Mendele, "you really have something to worry about."

REB Mendele told a visitor: "Convey my love to your master. I love him. But why does he cry to send the Messiah? Why does he cry to Israel to return to the land?"

ANYTHING may be copied except truth. Once it is copied it is no longer truth.

REB Mendele told a visitor: "Convey my love to your master. I love him. But why does he cry to send the Messiah? Why does he cry to Israel to return to the land?"

WHEN Mendele's father, an opponent of Hassidism, hurried to Lublin to remonstrate with his prodigal son and urge him to leave "the sect" and return to the God of his fathers, Mendele said: "The Tora declares (Exodus 16:2): 'This is my God and I will glorify Him; my father's God and I will exalt Him.' First He must be 'my God' as I conceive Him. For I must worship God in my own way. Only then is it written 'my father's God.'"

THE cautious man thinks before he acts, and therefore does not act precipitately. The hasty man, on the other hand, is too hasty to think and therefore acts without plan.

A HASSID fears God. A Mitnagge (opponent of Hassidism) fears the Shulchan Arukh (Code of Laws).

WHEN Rabbi Isaac of Works decided to leave Kotzk to establish his own Hassidic court because he could no longer accept Reb Mendele's stringent demands on the followers and his neglect of their need for a "sympathetic" leader, Reb Mendele said: "Ten righteous men (Zaddikim) — also the term for Sodomites — could have saved Sodom. But a thousand fools can only turn their leader into a fool himself."

WHY do people say: One must pray sincerely? Is there anything that may be done without sincerity?

TOLD that Rabbi X was greater than Rabbi Y, Reb Mendele remarked: "If I am what I am, and you are what you are, because you are what you are, then I am indeed I and you are indeed you. But if I am what I am because you are what you are and you are what you are because I am what I am, then I am not I and you are not you."

AFTER Rabbi Yehiel Meir Guttman had spent his holiday with his master, Reb Mendele, his father-in-law, said: "Well, and did you recite Tora in a unique fashion?" "Certainly," he replied. "For example?" asked his father-in-law.

WHEN Mendele abruptly left Lublin and the "Seer" to go to Przysucha and the "Holy Jew," he fell sick. In Przysucha, the comrade with whom he had left Lublin hurried to ask the "Holy Jew" to pray for Mendele's health. The Rabbi said: "He probably left Lublin without taking leave (of the Seer). Tell him that he will get well if he undertakes to return immediately to Lublin." Mendele rejoined: "I do not regret having done it." Apprised of this the "Holy Jew" said: "If he is really so resolute, he will get well on any case."

ONE must be a man. Pharaoh was a man. If someone in our time were to be visited with as much as half a plague he would immediately whine: "God is just!" But Pharaoh was visited with many plagues and he remained a man.

A WHOLE Gentile is better than a half-hearted Jew.

INCREASE knowledge though thereby you increase pain. What is more: true knowledge leads to dissatisfaction. So what? Constant dissatisfaction is the essence of human satisfaction. To be sure, it does not let you sleep, but it gives purpose to life. Great purpose.

WHEN does God dwell? Reb Mendele once asked several visiting scholars. They laughed. "Surely your exuberancy is jesting. Why the entire earth is filled with His Glory!" Reb Mendele rejoined: "God dwells wherever He is allowed to enter."

WHY did God ask man to offer up sacrifices and not the angels, seeing that the deeds of angels are certainly better than those of man? But it is not mere deeds that God wants, but preparations and intentions. An angel can only perform deeds, but cannot prepare himself or put intention into his actions. Whereas preparation is the affair of man, who is so filled with powerful inhibitions which he must overcome.

AT A Passover Seder during Reb Mendele's seclusion, those seated at the table waited for him to appear, as was his custom for the recitation of "Four forth Thy wrath upon the nations who know Thee not" before the opened front door. Suddenly he appeared in the doorway of his study and said sarcastically: "The Rabbi has already poured." If not through this door then through another door. The printer prints — and they repeat after him. If it had occurred to him to print something else, they would recite something else. All according to what occurs to the printer to print.

WHEN some comrades accused Mendele of aspiring to be the Baal Shem Tov (the founder of Hassidism) himself, he retorted: "So what? Did the Baal Shem Tov adjure anyone that there should be none as great as or greater than he?"

TO colleagues who reproved him for his apparent haughtiness and concerning people Reb Mendele said: "You'll put them to sleep with all your defence of them."

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JUST as people differ in their facial features, so do they differ in their opinions. And just as you find it possible to tolerate another man's having a different face from yours, so should you tolerate his differences of opinion.

THE spies (Number 15) told the truth. Then wherein did they sin? To tell the truth does not mean to declare a known fact. Such a one is certainly not a liar, but he is not yet a teller of truth. He speaks the truth who tries to fathom why something appears to be other than as God has described it. The spies sinned in their failure to do this (when they brought their gloomy

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Documents of the Holocaust

ALFRED ROSENBERG: Selected Writings. Edited and with an introduction by Robert P. Patai. London, Jonathan Cape, 204 pp.

DOCUMENTS OF DESTRUCTION: Germany and Jewry, 1933-1945. Edited with commentary by Paul Hilberg. Chicago, Quadrangle Books, 242 pp.

Reviewed by
Leni Yahil



Rabbi Michael Dov Weissmandel, a leader of Jewish rescue activities in Bratislava.

ALFRED ROSENBERG: The need is felt for source material on the events of World War II and their roots. The publication of such a compilation of selected documents in English is, therefore, welcome by students, teachers and lay people. Often professional historians, psychologists and sociologists can also make good use of the material.

Alfred Rosenberg's volume is the third in a series called "Roots of the Right: The 1930s and the Second World War." The first volume was "The Nazi Movement," edited by George F. Goyens, and the second, "The Nazi Movement: The German People," edited by George F. Goyens and other national communists. The third volume, "The Nazi Movement: The German People," edited by George F. Goyens and other national communists. The third volume, "The Nazi Movement: The German People," edited by George F. Goyens and other national communists.

Standard work

This is not accidental. Prof. Hilberg is no newcomer to Holocaust research. He became known 10 years ago when he published his monumental scholarly work, "The Destruction of the European Jews." Based almost exclusively on German source material, this systematic outline of the destruction process became a standard work. One of the main arguments levelled against the book was its description of and crude judgment on Jewish behaviour in Nazi Europe. The collapse of European Jewry was explained as a logical outcome of the Jews' submissive attitude during the centuries of Diaspora life under Christian rule. Prof. Hilberg gave this negative evaluation despite his explicit declaration that he would not deal with the Jewish aspect of the Holocaust but only with German deeds.

Now, ten years later, in this much smaller and less comprehensive book, he apparently tries to do justice to the Jews, by letting the sources speak by themselves. As against the reproach that in his earlier work he used only German material, and therefore projected the Nazi view of the situation, he has now introduced some Jewish material or used material compiled by Jews (thus, he refers to testimony given at the Eichmann trial). None the less, even though he has thus accepted some of his critics' arguments, he apparently has not changed his basic evaluation. And most of the material is still of German origin.

Lack of balance

In such a compendium the editor's own opinion often finds its expression in the choice of material, the order in which it is arranged, and the headings it is given. By this criterion, one may have doubts if balance has been achieved. There is, for example, an item headed "Jewish Self-Concentration." This interesting document, written in August, 1939, tells us that Reinhard Heydrich wanted nothing to be done against the influx of Jews from smaller places into the big cities of Germany, because this fitted into his own plans. Prof. Hilberg's commentary says nothing about this Jewish economic trend in general, which has been going on for more than a century, and does not tell of the greater physical danger that threatened Jews in these places. He says nothing about the Germans' own inner migration and concentration in the big industrial and commercial centres. The impression, therefore, is that here we have one of the "typical" instances of how the foolish Jews played into the hands of their persecutors. This is one of the examples



Before the abortive Nazi push in Munich in 1933 — Alfred Rosenberg is behind Hitler at the right.

of Prof. Hilberg's lack of knowledge of Jewish history, and of his superficial out-of-context interpretation of the Jewish situation before and during the Holocaust.

The Jews are seen as victims. Resistance and attempts at rescue are mentioned, but the uprisings in concentration camps are reported only from German sources, and one ghetto uprising is missing altogether, as are the Jewish partisans.

Slovakia

An example of distorted presentation is Slovakia. Here we have an exemplary instance where, under the cover of an official document, a wide network of clandestine rescue activities was developed which enabled people, even from Poland, to escape to Hungary, to halt deportations for a year and a half, and to transmit information about the German murder-centres to the outside world. Not a word of all this appears in the book, and the Papal intervention is presented — through a German source — without a word about the Jewish initiative that brought it about. Only under the next heading, "The Jews' Reluctance," is something said about "a Jewish rescue committee in Bratislava" and its leaders, Rabbi Michael Dov Weissmandel and Gai Fleischmann, named. One

wonders whether this distorted picture stems from ignorance or by intention. Apparently, Prof. Hilberg's attitude to the Holocaust — like that of most of our generation — is ambivalent. There cannot be any doubt that he is moved by deep compassion for the victims and contempt for the promoters of the suffering. The evidence which he has accumulated about the different killing operations speaks in no uncertain terms, even — or perhaps especially — when it consists of items like German reports, or railway tables with the number of the transported added. But it seems to me that identification with the victims and their suffering is not enough, and Prof. Hilberg and all of us are still far from the attempted balance. As one such attempt, even if it is not fully successful, this book will have its place in the vast literature about the period. Prof. Hilberg, who has dedicated the book to his children, says at the end of his introduction:

"Work every lost one third of his people in this destructive process. In the macrocosm, that is one history, one fate, and one statistic; but each of these individuals also had a name, and each suffered his own death."

Some of our fathers were glaziers

ANITA Engle-Berkoff, author of "The Nile Spies," has made glass history the passion of her life. For the last seven years she has followed the trail of glass and glassmakers from Israel to Italy, Spain, France, Britain, Ireland — as far as the American continent. The results of her researches have appeared in several journals and are now presented again in READINGS IN GLASS HISTORY: 1 (Jerusalem, Phoenix Publications, \$3).

She has a fascinating story to tell which begins with the ancient glassmakers of Egypt, Mesopotamia and Phoenicia, and reveals an unbroken line to the makers of modern glass. The inhabitants of the northwestern coast of Canada — Eretz Israel and Acre — particularly the area round Acre and the mouth of the river Batus-Nasman — seem to have played a decisive though elusive part in the history of glassmaking.

The author more than makes up for the major role which Jews played in the manufacture and trading of this vital commodity, though she was clearly able to discover it in the literature of Talmudic times as well as through the archaeological discovery of glass furnaces, slabs and other remains at such places as Beit She'arim. When glassmaking moved to Europe, it is more than probable that it was Jewish glass who took with them the secrets of their trade to their new habitats.

Mrs. Berkoff has developed a fine art the tracing of these movements through the names of glassmakers everywhere. Without spelling it out in so many words, she is faced with the inevitable conclusion that in this particular sphere, as well, Jews have made an important contribution to civilization and to art, a fact which the academic experts have so far been careful to ignore.

One may look forward to further instalments of these Readings, which could do with some improvements in presentation.

A.C.

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PAGE TWENTY

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WE'VE GOT IT...



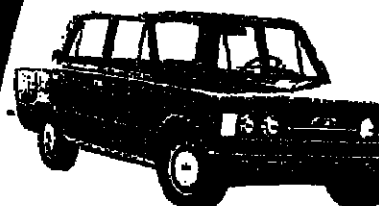
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ANGRY YOUNG MEN

by Ephraim Kishon

THE Japanese art of self-defence, was born in the land of Israel. Not on the plain, but down in the dark, in that moment of high tension when Musa, sitting in the row, grabbed Wechsler by the neck and pushed his electric into the man's mouth, saying, "This is not my seat? How do you know it ain't, you piece of shit?"

Wechsler of the lighted mouth, for his life into the fresh air and keeps looking for a cop over town until dawn, while the cinema, civilian rule is imposed by Musa, the angry man. He tosses lighted sticks into the air, pulls girls into the room, just as on the screen, and Juliet meet in Verona. At the first time, Musa gets up and his go with Tarsan's famous jump yell.

"Ah-ah — ahead — ah! Catch me, you fool!"

In the hall, 612 men are glued to their seats, temporarily paralysed, labouring under a terrific anxiety complex. In 612 male seats there wells up the burning desire to rise quietly from their seats, whisper to their neighbour: "I'll be back in a moment, I'll walk up to Musa and give him a flat blow, sir, quick as lightning, elegantly..."

This ancient dream is the origin of karate.

And then you have old man Tarsan who says, if you will, it won't be a dream. Two of our cinemas nowadays are showing karate movies, in which many runs sporting black and white brigades of karate men. And not only for a telephone. His disciples are blindly devoted to him, especially after his demonstration of the "Nihun-Nokita" blow, which is directed at the eyes. They follow him wherever he goes, hoping against hope that one day someone — perhaps a whole gang of rowdies — will pick on Gideon at the supermarket or in the cinema.

achieve this cinematic capability. Besides, Mr. Kadari is a head taller than you, his arm is as thick as your thigh, his thigh as thick as your hips, and his hips, never mind. Mr. Kadari's nose has a noble aquiline bent, he speaks Japanese like the Emperor, and his fists have grown all sorts of air-hammer appliances. In short, he would make an ideal cinema usher in the Mediterranean area.

Instead of which he is wasting his talents managing a karate university.

WE walked warily into the gymnasium of the Institute, literally on tiptoe, because they had asked us to remove our shoes. The floor is covered with mats made of Mongolian grass, real cosy, and all around hang portraits of Mr. Kadari's Korean teachers, breaking ox horns out in the fields and then the oxen themselves with one clean stroke. Training on the mats is the "intellectual group" at the Institute, i.e. a mathematics teacher, the singer Danny Litani, an interior decorator, Zvika, a young industrialist and the new boy. The other trainees, it seems, are recuperating at home.

All the students are barefoot, dressed in white gowns with belts of different colour according to their degrees: white — yellow — orange. Alex, I was told, has a green belt, but they haven't yet removed him from his plaster cast. I dropped down on a fairly remote bench at the other end of the hall, so as not to attract too much attention.

At 17.05 hrs. the floor started trembling under our feet and Black Belt entered.

With Gideon's entrance, iron discipline grips the audience. All drop to their knees, kowtow and shout "Hi!" which in Japanese means "Hi!" Then Gideon announces that, for a starter, he will demonstrate the "Shekutoh-Ochikomi" chop, which is a knife-like hand slash at the throat. He takes two quick steps forward, lets go with a blood-curdling shout and slashes the air like an axe. One of the students, it happens to be the interior decorator — steps out of the line and asks permission to skip training.

"I can't bend my knee," he claims. "I'll do some homework instead."

Permission is granted and the decorator sits down next to me, visibly relieved. He has a yellow belt, awarded after five aprons. Gideon's eagle eyes in the meantime sweep over the group of his disciples, who cower and try to hide behind each other's backs, their every movement saying, "Why pick on me?" Gideon chose the young industrialist for his demonstration:

"Stand up and don't move back," he orders the man. "I won't hurt you, I'll just act out the chop. Don't move!"

The industrialist starts whimpering and Gideon moves back a yard, concentrates for a second or so, then shouting "Joha!" dashes forward and lands a sharp blow on the trainee's neck. The latter jumps back greatly alarmed, but too late: Gideon's long arm has reached him. The young industrialist collapses with a loud thud and crawls slowly towards the showers.

"You've got to get used to taking punishment," the decorator explains, greatly exhilarated. "That's part of karate, the ability to absorb punishment."

Gideon himself sleeps on the floor of an unheated room, eats in restaurants and has applied for a telephone. His disciples are blindly devoted to him, especially after his demonstration of the "Nihun-Nokita" blow, which is directed at the eyes. They follow him wherever he goes, hoping against hope that one day someone — perhaps a whole gang of rowdies — will pick on Gideon at the supermarket or in the cinema.

temper," my decorator whispers dreamily, "oh, oh..."

BUT that never happens. The rowdy-in-the-street knows all about Gideon, I'm sorry to say. It once happened one Friday day at the bowling club, when eight louts from Holon City started throwing pins at a line of balls. Gideon was alerted in a nearby room, and came up and confronted them. The boys threw themselves on him, burning to give battle with clenched fists, switchblades and chair-legs, and it looked as if at long last something was going to happen.

But then Gideon said quietly, "I'm Gideon Kadari," and the Eight Marvellous Heroes stopped in mid-air and disintegrated into small particles and dropped on the alley shouting hoarsely and rolled out...

RIGHT now, Gideon is demonstrating the "Yoko-Kiege" chop. The disciples hug the wall like so many moulted hens, and their difficult childhood passes in front of their eyes. Zvika discreetly motions to Gideon to take on the new boy, but the puritanical champion chooses him for a little demonstration.

"My shoulders are in a straight line with my hips and my kicking leg is well stretched," Gideon explains to Zvika. "Stand

straight and don't move. I won't even touch you, I'll just go through the motions, don't move!" Gideon is still talking, but experienced Zvika is already bounding backward in wild leaps, while the champ roars, "Miesoda!" and flies after him with outstretched legs and shoulders in a straight line with his hips. He administers a good horse-kick to his disciple in the small of his back. Zvika smartly bursts through the wall, crawls back on all fours through the aperture and disappears showerwards.

Now I understand why there are so few pupils in this class...

"As a matter of fact, Gideon is handling us with silk gloves, because we are intellectuals," my decorator explains, "you should have seen him with the young guys..."

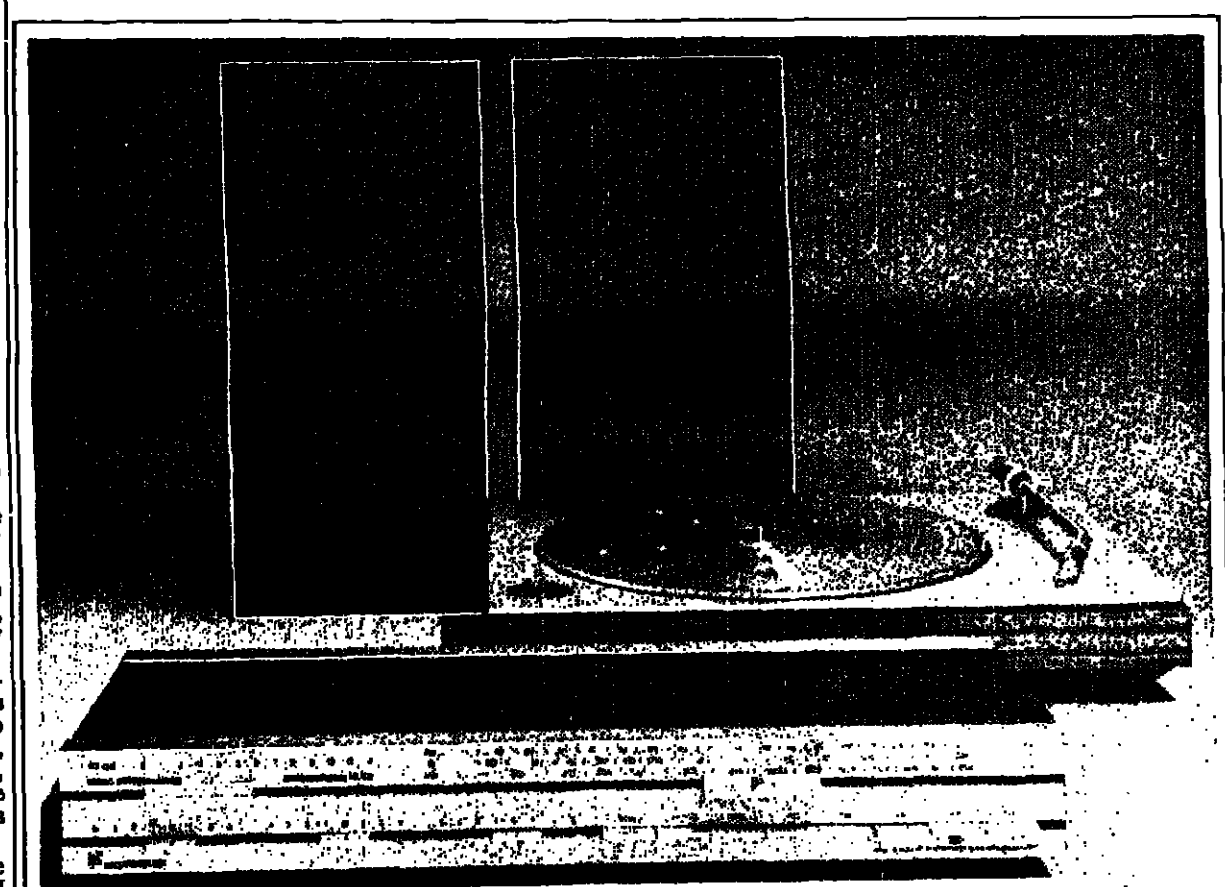
Then, the principle of karate began to dawn on me: it was the Japanese yell. I remembered that back in my school days, there was a boy who always flunked classes, called Sanyl Gondos. He was as thin as a mackerel, but beat up all the basketball players because he was better at losing his temper than anybody else I had ever met. Since a fight, Sanyl's eyes became bloodshot, his face became distorted in a horrible grimace, and he screamed like a magpie (that raucous bird has a black band round its neck!), so that all the boys gave in to him without even

knowing that they'd been licked by a born karate artist. The angry man has a terrific advantage over his opponent. The belt is also awarded according to the hue of the fighter's face during the yell. The new boy, for instance, has a belt as white as whitewash...

At this point, Gideon summoned my decorator for a little demonstration, in spite of his game leg, because all the other students had become dropouts. I took leave of my benchmate with great feeling and went down into the shower, to meet him there and carry on our little talk, but my decorator failed to appear. Maybe the demonstration had been altogether too vivid.

I left the Institute at the double, and as I passed the other classroom I spotted Musa the Angry Young Man stepping in front of the host, a brown belt round his hips. I crossed the street without further ado, entered the gun-shop there, and purchased three medium-strength canisters. Now I'm training at home, shouting "Azanyad!" spraying the liquid in front of me with my body erect and the left foot rotating in a closed circle. Since yesterday, I've begun wearing a green tie which is the conventional sign of the fourth degree Canister, the ancient art of defence against karate.

(Translated by Yohanan Goldman by arrangement with "Ma'ariv")



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IT'S ONLY A GAME...



BRIDGE is the most popular card game. That may not be a true statement, but nobody can prove that it isn't. *Afficionados* of poker, rummy, cribbage — none of them can demonstrate the number of people who play their favourite games.

Bridge, on the other hand, has plenty of statistics. Lists of members of bridge associations in most of the world's developed countries, numbers of people participating in tournaments, even the relative rankings of tournament players. Bridge is the card game with the most extensive literature, including thousands of books published by several bridge publishing houses, dozens of periodicals in several languages — and even its own encyclopedia.

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Duplicate bridge, as the name implies, is a system whereby everyone in the tournament plays the same hands. Results of the various pairs are compared, the real competitors being the people at different tables playing the same cards. The highest score on each hand goes to the players who have achieved the highest plus — or the smallest minus — with the same cards.

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mer world title-holding U.S. Aces — Billy Eisenberg, Bob Gold- man, Jim Jacoby (Oswald's son), and Bobby Wolfe. The long-time partner of British bridge giant Terence Reese was Boris Schapiro; and Rixi Markus of London is generally recognized as the world's best woman player, a title she shared for many years with the late Helon Sobel, Charles Govern's favourite partner.

Miami Beach were Italy's powerhouse Blue Team, who eventually won, the U.S. Aces, the Canadians and the French).

Key members of the Israeli team are Adrian Schwartz and Maury Stampf, two Tel Avivians in their early thirties, who have become one of the world's top pairs. Winners of the Israel Pair Championship three times in the last five years, Stampf and

tatives of the "sabra generation" of bridge players who have taken up the game in the last five years or so, Israel-born Michael Hoch- zeil and Yeshayahu Levitt, both young men, were on the 1972 Olympiad squad (the other mem- bers were Julian Frydlich and Elyakim Schaufel, with Reuven Kunin as non-playing captain). The country's under-27 team finished second in last year's

Technion graduate and mechanical engineer. He probably could have been one of the country's better chess players, and he approaches bridge with the deep concentration and study of a chess master.

BRIDGE also has its own politics, in which the Arab-Israeli con- dition plays an important role. At the 1972 Olympiad, the two Arab teams — Lebanon and Morocco — did not play against Israel, on instructions from their govern- ments. The Israeli team won both these matches by forfeit, and was awarded slightly better than aver- age scores.

The scores made a substantial difference in the final result. Had Israel gotten only an average number of points from these matches, she would have finished slightly lower on the table, cer- tainly behind Switzerland, which ended up in the actual standings only a point behind the Israelis. The scores of several other teams, and their final positions were also affected.

One suggestion currently being discussed is the disqualification of teams which refuse to play sched- uled matches against other teams. This would apply to the Arabs if they continued to refuse to meet Israel across the bridge table. It might deprive Israel of some "automatic victories," but it would also make the entire system of international championship scor- ing much more equitable.

Not all Arab bridge players persist in boycotting Israel. The best known of them, Omar Sharif, has played symbolic hands against the Israelis in several tournaments. When asked why his team-mates on the Egyptian team didn't appear as well, Sharif is reported to have said: "They have to go back to Egypt, and I don't."

Sharif did play against the Is- raelis in the "Times" competition. It is to be hoped that Israel and Egypt will meet across the bridge table — and perhaps other kinds of tables — more often in the near future.



Omar Sharif (centre), a member of the Egyptian team which didn't play the Israelis, did compete against Israel's Maury Stampf (left) and Adrian Schwartz at the London 'Times' tournament.

the Federation and games has always been with Jewish names. But the high point of the Bridge season is the Bridge Festival, the newsworthy event which is a newsworthy event. The way at the Pan-American Bat Yam. For the festival, foreign players of note come to compete against the king of them, Israel. It is an opportunity for the local player to meet some of the world's best. The game has been played in the country since the days of the British Mandate, when it was played mostly in homes and private clubs. Cards generally went

The Israelis did not take long to attain their present honoured position in world bridge. It took only three participations in the World Bridge Olympiad. In the 1972 world championship, at Miami Beach, Israel finished in eighth place. Even that was not a real indication of its impact on the 39-nation tourney; until the closing stages of the round-robin qualifying competition, Israel was very much in the running for one of the four spots in the finals (the four top teams at

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Main tournament room at the Pan American Hotel in Bat Yam. More than 500 persons took part in the nightly sessions.

... Photographer SHALOM BARTAL visits the Bridge Festival, and sees how seriously some of the players and kibitzers take the contest.



She's about to play the wrong card, and the kibitzer can hardly keep from telling her so.



Partnership conference between rounds sometimes improves the result.



Partner suffers in silence as partner butchers a hand.



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against the grain of Socialist ethic and until recently that it was considered a game for the rich. Today there are 1,000. Each branch of the Israel Federation has a local tournament at a week; there are national tournaments, participation open to

even Venezuela in America. The increased participation is also due to Israel's reputation as one of the bridge powers. Perhaps surprising to many, the Israeli team is generally recognized as the world's best woman player, a title she shared for many years with the late Helen Sobol, Charles Govern's favourite partner.

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Two-piece pants suit (above) by Jacqueline Gal has circular cut pants with raised pattern at trouser bottoms; topping it is a long blue wool hooded cape, trimmed with colorful Bethlehem embroidered border. Zip-through short jacket (right) in kid fur with rib knit collar, sleeves and waistband in brown wool — from N.B.N. Couture. Old-fashioned looking dress (on top) with button-through bodice, log of mutton sleeves and two-in-one look in white cotton crepon with heavy lace insets, by Yitzhak Adler of Ador Boutique. Trim day dress in wool gabardine comes in a wide range of colours, designed by Lydia About. Pocket tops and sleeve epaulettes have parallel rows of stitching. Printed needlecord, brown on white (for right), is used here for two styles from Boutique Baba. Blouses are in white tricot fabric.



Designers take the limelight

By Catherine Rosenheimer
Jerusalem Post Fashion Reporter

AN unprecedented number of overseas buyers have been making the rounds of the eighty exhibitors' showrooms at the 9th Tel Aviv Fashion Week at the Hilton, which closes at lunchtime today. Only the figures to be released within the coming months will prove whether the event has really surpassed all previous years in terms of firm export orders.

From the organizational point of view, the established policy was continued with few departures. The newest aspect at this year's Fashion Week was the introduction of a section called "Design Discovery" — devoted to the younger, newer elements in the fashion industry, who exhibited their collections in a series of attractively designed semi-circular booths lending a bright, open market atmosphere to an event where most of the "happening" tend to take place behind closed doors of individual exhibitors' rooms.

Among the "discoveries" we made: Lydia About, a young Paris-born designer who studied fashion in France, worked with Ted Lapidus before setting up her own workshop in Tel Aviv some two years ago. Lydia's collection was a bright, young-style range, all in pure wool fabrics with emphasis on clean looking seaming and top stitch detailing. There were also looking pinafore dresses topped simple voile shirts, short day dresses with little epaulettes sleeves, pants suits with short, fur trimmed jackets, wide pants on circular lines with no crease.

White cotton crepon

Next door, designer Yitzhak Adler, better known as the proprietor of Tel Aviv's Boutique Adler, was also making his first attempts to branch out into exports, concentrating on a striking, Mexican look line — all in off-white cotton crepon with heavy habanero lace insets, this fresh-looking range consisted of various long dress styles, long skirts, two pieces and slacks. When we met, he had already booked some export orders — and hopefully will have a few of these

styles left over for the local market this summer.

N.B.N. Couture is a brand new company set up by two Israelis, Rutiela Nir and Dvora Bar Nir, a fashion designer who recently returned from Paris where she worked with Chloe — a top name in French ready-to-wear. "We decided there was room here for a sporting new look in real fur," they explained, "plenty of skilled furriers, good skins available, and plenty of possibilities for something a little different in design." Their line is far from the classic fur coat — lots of brief sporting jackets trimmed in fur or ribbed knits, two- and three-piece outfits combining furs with suede, leathers and woven fabrics too.

N.B.N. hope to export at least part of their collection, will be selling here too and expect prices to run at around IL480 for a jacket, like the one pictured here.

Bright casuals

A bright range of casuals in brushed denim proved to be Beba Boutique's best-selling export line at Fashion Week. Rachel Borein set up shop in Tel Aviv three years ago, selling almost entirely imported fashions. Now she intends to branch out into an additional line of business, exporting fashions made in Israel to the countries from which she imports. It may sound a little complicated but, in fact, she hopes, the two operations should work together quite nicely.

Among her designs — a long blue brushed denim skirt with yellow stitching and little yellow buttons around the hemline, its top and braces top detachable so that the skirt can be worn with a sporting line for evening. Another blue denim model was a brief skirt with red stitching, its braces trimmed with red and white check gingham for a little girl look.

Three craftsmen

Shulamit Litan's collection was the combined work of three artists, craftsmen for exclusive, expensive individual models. She herself is a batik artist and, in addition, makes fabric appliques combining silk, velvet, needlecord and felt

in wonderful colours. The appliques are made up into long skirts. The batiks are handquilted according to the contours of their patterns. A lovely batik quilted waistcoat came in soft mauves and blues.

Another line is of silver macramé work combined with Bethlehem pearl beads, for dressy little evening waistcoats. Jerusalem Jeweller Hanna Behar has designed special buckles and trimming to go with silver macramé belts. To date, Shulamit Litan has been selling her exclusive models to a few specialized boutiques in New York — skirts sell there for between \$300 and \$400, so that there is no question of mass production or mass sales here.

Jacqueline Gal is another French-born designer, now working in Jerusalem, producing a line of caftans and dresses in Gaza stripe fabrics,

often incorporating Bethlehem broderies. Her collection is found locally at the Belsham boutique in Tel Aviv. She too, intends to branch out into exports. Lita was a long dress in off-white natural canvas with a cut away section in purple suede, attached with stud fasteners so that the look can be switched around as its wearer feels like a change. Boutique Tamara is known as a local market as a place for a special look in fashion, the work of designer-owner Tamar Yuval. Her Fashion Week collection consisted of an off-beat range of long dresses in patterned Liberty prints, floating voiles, cottons and wools, often combining several together in one dress for unusual effects.

The overall look was definitely '30s influenced — styles with

(Continued on page 15)

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Textiles take the Runway

Now held Wednesday night at the Tel Aviv, Hilton, a highlight of the 9th Fashion Week. The Textile Department of the Fashion Centre of the Israel Export Institute, directed the full operation of design, manufacture and finally the show.

Designers

(Continued from page 14)
In addition, high standing squared collar lines and layered skirts with seven hemlines. One exception to the mini-print floral theme was a grey mink evening dress, black, long and clinging and trimmed with old-fashioned off-white lace. Raya Jonas is a new immigrant from Romania — she told us that she worked as chief designer for the largest ready-to-wear factory in the Balkans, employing 20,000 workers. Here in Israel, she has joined the staff of a far smaller-scale company, producing attractive looking ready-to-wear for the local market. Her collection, all in black, grey and white, has a very clean look, a very simple line. It included lots of caftan dresses — one in grey flannel with white saddle stitching and tique in Tel Aviv. She too, intends to branch out into exports. Lita was a long dress in off-white natural canvas with a cut away section in purple suede, attached with stud fasteners so that the look can be switched around as its wearer feels like a change. Boutique Tamara is known as a local market as a place for a special look in fashion, the work of designer-owner Tamar Yuval. Her Fashion Week collection consisted of an off-beat range of long dresses in patterned Liberty prints, floating voiles, cottons and wools, often combining several together in one dress for unusual effects.

Typical caftans

Just exhibit in the boutiques was "Eshumamit" — a collection of typical Oriental caftans in Gaza stripe fabrics and Bethlehem broderies. The work of Arleia, a designer who exhibits permanently at the Jerusalem House of Quality, has already effected some exports on a small scale. Her use of the typical Oriental fashion elements is not particularly original for anyone familiar with this type of styling, but could perhaps prove of interest to buyers looking for something "typically" Israeli.

To judge by the interest the "Design Discovery" section generated among buyers, and the fact that many of the exhibitors had booked their orders as early as lunchtime of the Week's opening day, it seems to have fulfilled its aim of giving them a first-time opportunity of seeing their collections to export orders. Their ability to fulfil orders on time and according to exact buyer specifications will determine whether they manage to make the most of the opportunity and achieve first footing on the export market.

★ ★ ★
So successful among the innovations at this Fashion Week was the presentation of daily commercial fashion showings for buyers, in place of the usual big gala fashion show. The purpose of a commercial show is to waste as little of the buyers' time as possible, giving them a brief rundown of the various collections by showing two or three garments from each in rapid succession on the basis of which he can give detailed attention. The tempo of the show was poor, most of the models girls lacked professionalism and the selection of garments seemed designed to give as dreary an impression as possible of the various collections at the Week. Luckily, however, judgement and most of all, the manufacturers' interest in the show, kept the

Textiles designs from the show already used by manufacturers — from left: Niba utilizes a fabric design by Jacob Kirshbolm for a smart jump suit; next an Evelyn Pauker design in woven cotton for a garment

designed by Elitma. Third: Dori Altaras' textile print, executed in woven cotton for a shirt designed for Lahav. And fourth: design by Eva Fisch interpreted in "velvetone" by Ata.

As a matter of fact, you're shaving every morning without lather.

If you're one of those who finish shaving with one stroke of the blade — you are lucky. If not — you've got a problem. Because with the first stroke everything goes smoothly. The blade skims the lather, takes off some of the whiskers and all of the lather. If by now you've finished your shaving — then any cream will do. But in reality it isn't that easy.



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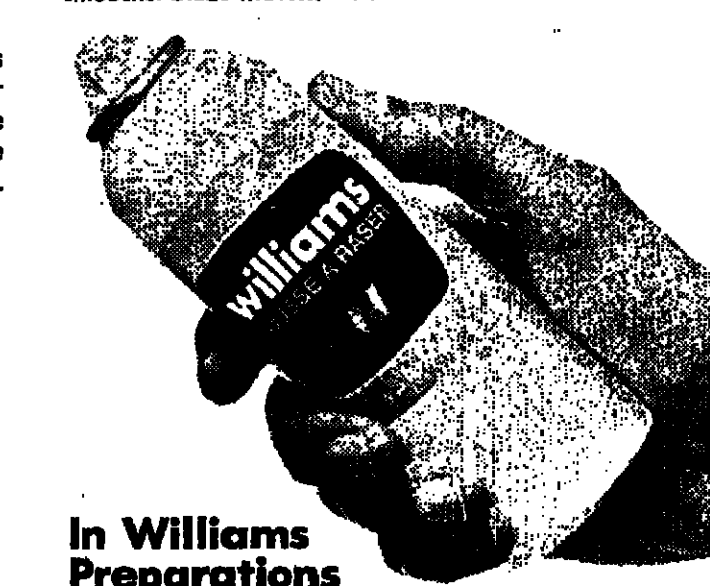
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away
from home

By Hadassah Bat Haim

The weather

PEOPLE keep telling me that it's snowing in Jerusalem. At least in Manchester I have some justification for extolling the climate of my homeland as the land-colour of white there shed their dirty coats to cover the drab pavements with cold grey ankle-deep slush, while in London the sun shines and everyone grumbles at the unseasonable warmth.

The raw dank wind that cuts through tweed and three layers of wool is the same, but in many other ways this is not the Manchester I remember, cradle of my youth. In the city centre where they used to roll up the sidewalks at nine o'clock, where except for a brief flash when the pubs and cinemas closed the streets were as deserted as Marjorie in mid-winter, groups of young people move from discotheques to dance club.

Cafes glow

Restaurants and cafes glow with essential delicious and cheerful lights in places where once you were lucky to get fish and chips in any day. Out in the suburbs huge blocks of flats with central heating replace the grimy terrace cottages with the one cold water tap in the kitchen and the amenities, but as they were, out in the back.

After two days the feeling that you are pretending to be a television comic wears off and I slip into the comfortable northern or southern ways and accents as far off and foreign as Tamil. Nobody cold it may be but the hearts are still discernable in the layers of wool.

Sloping path

"It's a right booger terday," says a postman watching me alight and cautiously down the sloping path with frost then frozen hard on the toy gate. "Y'all want yer parcel on terday luv." His kindly voice holds me upright at the top of the post. "Nay lass doant tell the boss. She'd never believe me. Ye'd be let out wall." "Aye! Yer right m," I agreed. "Appen I'm out of terday."

Back in London I wear my sun glasses on the way to Heathrow and carry my carigan over my arm. In Lydda I quickly put it back on and turn up my coat collar against the chilly showers sweeping the tarmac. There seems to have been some mismanagement somewhere!

DIAMOND



A group of 17 leading jewellers from the United Kingdom this week completed a study and purchasing mission to the Israel diamond industry. The group, headed by Mr. David (left), president of the United Kingdom Jewellers' Association, visited Ramat Gan, (top right) secretary/managing director of the Israel Diamond Exchange, and Dr. Israel Peled (bottom right), president of the Israel Diamond Exchange.

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YOU'LL
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PAGES



Miss Esterlins Israeli audiences with demonstration on dance styles.

...BATO-TWIRLING, ACROBATIC, SPAN-...
...the street from my...
...it was an unthinkable...
...serious dancer of the...
...to study at such an ex-...
...as for a gourmet to...
...at the greasy Jay and Bee...
...next door to Dol-

...sharp lines that once...
...the high- and low-brow...
...our cultural maps have...
...blurred or disappeared...
...not so startling in 1973 to...
...these Wilson teaching tap...
...to future professionals at...
...the Rubin Academy as...
...it have been a generation...
...whereas, questions are...
...about legitimate materials...
...the stage and classroom...
...styles of dancing belong in...
...street ball?

...Anna Wilson has...
...satisfying two of her...
...talents — in Israel and...
...dances — by setting up a...
...demonstrations to local...
...in her view, "ballet is...
...of Western theatre...
...it is the central trans-...
...that all performers draw...
...share. Ballet is able to...
...in such a manner be-...
...of its acrobatic nature.

...never invented any-...
...rather it has incorporated...
...styles around it, begin-...
...with European folk dances...
...driving down to Afro-...
...and modern torso...
...dance. Naturally, it clean-...
...all these forms, to make...
...presentable "at court."

...that's how tap dance en-...
...gave — as a minor...
...in the dancer's craft, to...
...in his own compositions...
...inspired by another choreo-

...drumming on floor...
...with this theory, Anne...
...gave a fascinating ac-...
...of the origins of tap dance...
...dance is basically music...
...It treats the floor as...
...clocks brought from...
...to work American planta-...
...because the white house-...
...found they would use the...
...in their ancient telegraph...
...to signal revolts. So to...
...to work the slaves, the...
...rattles and bells, or struck...
...ways to beat on the ground...
...to increase "the...
...they attached wood to...
...be split shoe soles for

that "slap" effect, or hammered nails into shoe tips and heels." Then came the great crowds of Irish migrants, fleeing the potato famine. I had known of their settlements in Boston and New York, but I was not aware that large numbers made their homes in the South — in New Orleans, where black music was beginning in Congo Square. Here it was natural for the Irish jig, with its rigid torso and concentration on rapid, tricky foot-beats. In succeeding generations, blacks made the jig their own. They loosened the body motion; syn- copated and multiplied the intricacies of the foot rhythms; and developed the whole vocabulary of steps we know as tap dancing.

"Broadway Mambo"
In the 1930s, this form was widely popularized in Ziegfeld-type movie extravaganzas. Now, whites took up tap dancing in a big way, and threw it in with other big glamour items like Spanish and "toe-dancing." Across the United States, every Main Street could boast at least one dancing school like Dolly LeVangie's; and every June, thousands upon thousands of little girls paraded on American stages in glittering dance recitals.

I can't recall what spate of fate brought me to one such recital, but I vividly remember a solo called "The Broadway Mambo." To a hit Latin-American vocal record, an ungainly, somewhat plump, 13-year-old tottered on stage, on her tippie toes, shod in red satin slippers, a red-sequined bra and shiny hot pants wreathed in a tufted red net tutu. In a single brief spotlight, she shimmed her hips, executed in every sense of the word a pirouette, did some brief shuffles and some kind of high kick and then climaxed it all with a crashing descent to the floor into a full split, at which time the curtain mercifully closed, because she could never have gotten out of that position without help.

African jungle rhythms, Irish jig, New Orleans jazz, Italian Renaissance court dance, Olympic gymnastics. Consider all the proud traditions that ended up in "The Broadway Mambo!"

But surely one doesn't see such travesties in the serious theatre? True. However, some of the same factors are at work in today's "respectable" dance world as used to characterize only the commercially minded such as Dolly LeVangie. That is, in their personality.

endless search for novelty, choreographers are combining, indiscriminately, a variety of far-flung styles. I have often felt uncomfortable with these casually mixed forms and have sought enlightenment from artists on this question. When a Boston dance teacher, Stanley Brown, was asked to arrange a tap routine for a modern dance group, I interviewed him. This black man sceptically observed:

"To get a jazz flow, you have to break down the traditional dignity of ballet, and laugh at your body. You get your motivation from the sound and from an attitude that must be part of you. If you are brought up with symphony music, you won't have this sense of rhythm."

In performance, the number appeared as a clumsy parody of a 1930s chorus, although the intent had been to present a straight, authentic revival. The ballet-trained dancers, as Mr. Brown had feared, couldn't handle the material.

La Mari, a lifelong student of Spanish, Hindu and Oriental ethnic dance forms, has written (in an essay in Walter Sorrell's collection, "The Dance Has Many Faces"):

"Physical techniques vary from race to race and from country to country. They are conditioned by the clothes worn, the ground walked on, the manner of sitting and bowing and worshipping. Each part of the body has a different characteristic from country to country. Toes turn in in Japan, forward in Burma, out in Java. Feminine thighs cling, masculine spread, in nearly all forms of ethnic dance. In Java feminine upper arms cling to the body, masculine lift outward; and in Spain upper arms arch upward. Hands — which in all humanity are so revealing show widely differing traits from country to country.

"And what of the face? Here we have the subtlest technique of all, for emotional expression must ripple like an undercurrent beneath the masklike face of Siam or China; and a lamp must be lit behind the fabulously complicated muscular mukhaja (face technique) of India."

Now we begin to see why no dancer, in a single lifetime, can do justice to Western ballet, Hindu, Spanish, and tap dance. Each instrument of dance is a live human being, whose technical and interpretive range is limited by all the factors of environment and heredity that shape a personality.

DANCE
JOAN CASS

Jazzing up ballet



Kay Mazzeo in scene from Jerome Robbins' "Interplay," which combines classical technique, jazz.

Then there is the choreographer's vision, as reflected in the images he shapes. How can he form a genuinely expressive image (without which there is no valid work of art), if he pastes together several different forms, each with its own innate significance? Which is why Maurice Bejart's concoctions were at once striking and vulgar — as would be the appearance of a woman on Dizengoff clad in a plastic mini-skirt, a gauze sari and high-button shoes, her head swathed in a wimple.

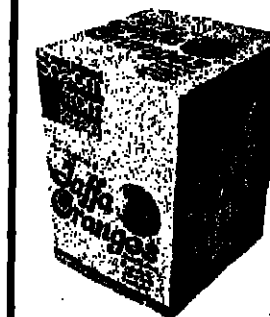
Some exceptions:

I will concede to Miss Wilson certain exceptions. A master like Jerome Robbins can make a ballet with Russian folk themes ("Les Noceurs") or jazzy hip thrusts ("Interplay"), and come out with something valid. But the power of these works arises from the over-all conception — in the first, the portrayal of the complex emotions and relationships at a wedding ceremony; in the second, a montage of youthful moods. The folk or jazz movements are subservient to the hu-

man gestures and classical structure of the compositions. In other words, forms can sometimes be combined — not by joining them arbitrarily, but by starting with a unified image and a dominant tradition, and bringing in "quotations" from other styles, suitable to the basic idea. Then, while the authenticity of the foreign strain will be watered down, it will nevertheless make a valid contribution as a fresh, exotic accent.

Which still leaves the would-be dancer with the problem of what skills to study to meet the ever more varied demands of contemporary choreographers. And here I am sorry to say that Israel too is not without its Dolly LeVangie's. I saw on television recently a short filler of a group of young Tel Aviv teenagers going through the steps of a lifeless soft-shoe-jazz routine — complete with twirling umbrellas. This is not the way to develop good performers, creative choreographers or — perhaps even more important — sensitive audiences.

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to the theatre is large-
a matter of routine, of
tickets in advance, arriv-
at the theatre several
before show-time, spend-
about two-and-a-half hours,
for the intermission. In
or less comfortable seats,
ing actors perform on the
applauding after each act,
thing out as soon as the
performance is over and the ap-
has died down.

of this holds true for
performance I attended this
if what I saw at the air-
shelter in the Montefiore
of Tel Aviv could be
a theatre performance. No-
bought tickets in advance,
nobody buys tickets at
drops a "donation" into
at the entrance. The au-
and arrived far ahead of
to while away the hours
the sitting around, drinking
they poured for themselves
an urn on a rickety bar.

the show started they
sit in seats, but semi-
on mattresses laid out
the walls, walked from
the room as the show moved
place to another, stood
surrounds looking over other
actors' shoulders to see what
going on inside, occasionally
themselves in the midst of
action and spontaneously re-
sponded to something a perform-
er did. Nobody applauded
the performance was over;
all went back to drinking tea
sitting at the low, tea-stain-
ed tables.

the theatre I am trying to de-
scribe is "La Mama," a spiritual
of the famous New York
one of the same name found-
ed by Ellen Stewart, the re-
markable black woman who be-
came the great earth mother to
people, first in New York
and all over the world, want-
ing to do their own thing in the
theatre.

run here by Rina Yeru-
sh, an Israeli who spent
years in New York work-
ing with Miss Stewart, and it
is a resident emissary from
there, here about two weeks
ago, actress-singer Sandy John-
son, the star of the famous vam-
pirical, "Carmilla." Although
an offshoot of a New York
theatre organization, the local
"La Mama" is as local as it could

THEATRE
Mendel Kohensky

La Mama



an act is finished and the curtain
begins to fall, we know that we
are expected to applaud, enthu-
siastically if we liked what we
saw, politely if we didn't. With all
the conventions done away with
here, with no division whatever
between stage and audience, ap-
plause would have sounded false.
Would you clap when a friend
finishes telling you about the
funny thing that happened to
him on his way to your house?

WHEN writing about a theatre
company breaking down
every theatrical convention, one
cannot possibly produce a con-
ventional review. I have no in-
tention of evaluating the artistic
quality of the show in question,
because the usual criteria don't
apply here.

What is significant in Public
Shelter is the contact with the
audience and the audience's be-
haviour, which I found fascinat-
ing. There was a group of young-
sters in their early teens there;
they seemed to feel most com-
fortably at home in these sur-
roundings, and they reacted in a
perfectly natural, calm, interested
manner to all the strange doings
of the performers. Doings which,
I am sure, would have caused
some discomfort to an older,
more conventional audience, such
as, for instance, the scene in
which the entire cast turns into
a mob of screeching, fighting
monkeys eating peanuts and
throwing the shells at the spec-
tators.

There was a time when little
experimental theatres were mush-
rooming all over Tel Aviv; they
no longer do. "La Mama" is the
first I have seen in about two
years, and few know of its exis-
tence. Those responsible for the
group hide their light under a
bushel, not out of design — they
want an audience like anyone
else — but for the simple reason
that advertising, even in its most
modest form, like billboard post-
ers, costs money. They subsist
mainly on the donations of the
public, a not particularly affluent
public made up of the very young
and inhabitants of the quarter.
"La Mama" is located at 18 Ha-
naziv Street, in the Montefiore
Quarter. Before show-time, they
rig up a light on the corner to
make the place easier to find.

be, and the show I saw is prob-
ably the most Israeli in our
imitation-ridden theatre.

The director — the conven-
tional theatre terms do not quite fit
here — of the show is Arich
Itzhak, a young actor who made
a name for himself as the acro-
batic servant-procurer in Michael
Alfred's "Mandrags" at the
Haifa Theatre, and later outraged
Haifa's city fathers as the andro-
gynous whore in "The Asses." It
was he who conceived the gen-
eral trend and ideas of the show,
while the text, which changes
considerably with each perform-
ance, evolved while he was work-
ing with the actors.

Free for all

Public Shelter started with the
entire cast, a bedraggled lot in
dirty teeshirts and shorts, march-
ing in, sloppily singing kinder-
garten songs. They all wore
bizarre painted masks. Before we
knew it, the children became sol-
diers browbeaten by a fierce ser-
geant; there was a free for all
with a heap of bodies on the
floor writing, screaming, utter-
ing inarticulate sounds.

Out of this noise rose a sharp
screach. The knot of bodies broke
up to reveal one of the girls lying
on the floor squealing. A baby
was born, and everybody around
started to plan its future. That
part was very funny; a young

man knelt in front of me, and in
a loud whisper outlined the baby's
great future, using every cliché
ascribed to the Israeli bourgeoisie.

Scene followed scene as the
audience followed voices coming
out of various rooms in the
shelter. A woman with a pro-
nounced North African accent
complained about the conditions
in which she and her family were
living. We looked into the room,
and it was dirty and cluttered,
with dirty washing lying all over,
and a sick man in pyjamas try-
ing not very successfully to add
his own piece to his wife's la-
ment. The woman spoke so na-
turally that she didn't seem to
be acting at all. The realism of
the scene was complete.

I was leaning on the bar sip-
ping my tea during what I
thought was an intermission,
when I heard voices behind me.
I turned around to see two men
seated at a raised table, carrying
on a conversation. It took me a
while to realize that this, too,
was part of the show.

One of the two was a Jew from
Baghdad, the other an Arab from
the Gaza Strip working in Tel
Aviv (I found out later that the
actor playing the Jew from Bag-
dad was actually a Jew from
Baghdad and the Arab from the
Gaza Strip, an Arab from the
Gaza Strip), and each of them

was airing his problems. While
in another room, a prisoner be-
hind bars was airing his. In still
another room a muscular young
fellow was working a pump, elo-
quently explaining that if he
were to stop, the entire shelter
would be filled with excrement.

One of the actors started to
walk towards a long corridor
with a row of toilets on one side
(remember, we are in an air raid
shelter), the crowd followed him,
and we emerged into a large room,
with a naked bulb throwing a cir-
cle of light on a workbench, at
which sat a young man with an
angelic face under a huge blond
head of hair, working in leather.
We crowded around him while he
paid no attention, gently smiling
to himself, carefully trimming a
leather belt with a sharp knife.

No applause

I don't know whether this look
at the craftsman who was ac-
tually fashioning a belt was to
be considered part of the show.
But wasn't everything there —
including the audience, walking
around, craning their necks, oc-
asionally interjecting a response
— part of it?

I mentioned before that there
was no applause in the shelter.
Which is quite understandable.
After all, applause is one of the
conventions of the theatre. When

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Inscriptions Reveal (Goldman-Schwartz Hall)
Raffi Lavi — 31 paintings — 10 years (Grass and Goldstein Collection)
Murals in the Modern Quarter of Jerusalem (Library Hall) until Feb. 19.
Travelers to the Holy Land — photos and drawings. High relief in memory of Hermann Meyer (Cohen Hall). Henri Friedlaender — typography and lettering (Library Hall) from Feb. 20.

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Museums: Ha'aretz: Hamat Aviv, (1) Glass Museum; (2) Kadman Numismatic Museum; (3) Ceramics Museum; (4) Museum of Ethnography and Folklore; (5) Museum of Science and Technology; (6) Tel Quasile Excavations; (7) Alpha-set Museum; Wed., 10 a.m.-5 p.m. Sun., Mon., Tues., 10 a.m.-5 p.m. Fri., 10 a.m.-1 p.m. 25 Rehov Bialik; (8) Museum for the History of Tel Aviv: Sun., Mon., Tues., 10 a.m.-5 p.m. Fri., 10 a.m.-1 p.m. Sat., 10 a.m.-5 p.m. 10 Mitrat Shalom, Yafa; (9) Museum of Antiquities of Tel Aviv-Yafo: Sun., Mon., Tues., 10 a.m.-5 p.m. Fri., 10 a.m.-1 p.m. Conducted Tours:
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Sunday, Feb. 18, 1978 4 p.m.
Tuesday, Feb. 20, 1978 4:30 p.m.
Tuesday, Feb. 20, 1978 5:45 and 8:30 p.m.
Tuesday, Feb. 20, 1978 7:30 p.m.
Tuesday, Feb. 20, 1978 8 p.m.
Wednesday, Feb. 21, 1978 8 p.m.
Wednesday, Feb. 21, 1978 9:15 p.m.
Thursday, Feb. 22, 1978
Sunday, Feb. 25, 1978 6:15 p.m. for youth 8:30 p.m. for adults

YOUTH WING FILM CLUB — Special film at the film making exhibition "Animal farm" — for youth aged 12-18. Introduction: Mr. Ram Levi.
ART FILM: Sir Kenneth Clark "Civilization" (in colour)
"The smile of reason" — On the eve of the French Revolution
Introduction (Heb.): Miss Nedra Yair. Free to Museum members and students.
ART FILM CLUB
Fellini — "Satyricon" (Italy/France, 1969). By F. Fellini available for non-members after 8:30.
GALLERY TALK (Heb.)
In the exhibition "Inscriptions. Reveal" Mr. Avi Eytan
EXHIBITION OPENING
Henri Friedlaender — typography and lettering
COURSE IN ART HISTORY (Heb.)
"Art since World War II — as seen by Raffi Lavi" (B) "Art and Movement" — Mr. R. Lavi, painter and art teacher. Tickets: IL1 (Non-members: IL2.50) after the course
ART FILM: Sir Kenneth Clark "Civilization" "The Smile of Reason"
YOUTH WING FILM CLUB — Special film at the film making exhibition "Puppets tell stories—No. 1" for children aged 8-12
CONCERT — the Harp Judith Liber and Patti Lieb, harp; Uri Shoham and Bezalel Aviram, lute. Works by J.S. Bach, W.F. Bach, J.P. Rameau, C. Salzedo, C. Debussy, G. Milgrom, H. Berlioz. Tickets: IL1 — and 8 — at Cahana, and on evening of concert at the Museum.

EXHIBITIONS
Travelers to the Holy Land — prints and drawings, 18th-20th cent. in memory of Hermann Meyer (Cohen Hall).
Inscriptions Reveal (Goldman-Schwartz Hall)
Raffi Lavi — 21 paintings — 10 years (Grass and Goldstein Collection).
Picasso — his graphic work in the Israel Museum Collection (Spartus Hall)
Murals in the Modern Quarter of Jerusalem (Library Hall) until Feb. 19.
Henri Friedlaender — typography and lettering (Library Hall) from Feb. 20.
Film making (Youth Wing)
Puppets (Youth Wing)
Tomb Offerings from Gezer — Special exhibition (Rockefeller)

SPECIAL EXHIBIT
Two relief fragments from Persepolis, Iran, 5th cent. B.C.E.
YOUTH WING
Film making Exhibition — Activities and participation in closed circuit TV programmes, Sun., Mon., Wed., Thurs. 8-5 p.m.
Courses for youth (high-school age only) and adults: Registration on Sun., Mon., Wed., Thurs. 2-4 p.m.

VISITING HOURS
Sun., Mon., Wed., Thurs. 10 a.m. — 6 p.m.
Tues. Shrine of the Book Museum 10 a.m. — 10 p.m.
Rockefeller Museum 10 a.m. — 4 p.m.
Fri., Sat. 10 a.m. — 3 p.m.

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THE JERUSALEM THEATRE

NEXT WEEK IN JERUSALEM

THE ICEMAN COMETH
by Eugene O'Neill
Jerusalem Theatre — Subscription Series 1
Subscription Series 2
Tickets: Box Office (Tel. 67167), Cahana, Ben-Naim
Lecture on the play in easy Hebrew — Feb. 18 at 5:30 p.m.

Israel Theatres

Haifa Municipal Theatre
Camel Theatre Performance
THE EFFECT OF GAMMA RAYS ON MAN-IN-THE-MOON MARIQUOLDS
Haifa, Feb. 17, 18, 19
Tel. 17, 18, 19
Sun., Feb. 18
Mon., Feb. 19

The Camer Theatre
THAT CHAMPIONSHIP SEASON
Tel Aviv, Feb. 17, 18, 19
Tel. 17, 18, 19
Sun., Feb. 18
Mon., Feb. 19

Hahinukh
TO GAYON A THIEF
Tel Aviv, Large Hall
Sat., Feb. 17, 6:30
Sun., Feb. 18, 6:30
Mon., Feb. 19, 6:30

BRIDAL CANYON
Tel Aviv, Small Hall
Sat., Feb. 17, 6:30
Tel Aviv, Large Hall
Wed., Feb. 21, 6:30

Premieres
THE ASPHEN PAPERS
by Michael Rodgrave
after Henry James
Tel Aviv, Small Hall
Sun., Feb. 18, 6:30
Mon., Feb. 19, 6:30

A DOG'S WILL
Wed., Feb. 21
Ela Harod, Thurs., Feb. 22

Ramat Hahorosh
VIRGO
Tel Aviv, Small Hall
Thurs., Feb. 22, 6:30
Box Office
Tel. 28312
Tel Aviv

JACOBY AND LEIDENHAI
(Temporary name)
Tavris
Sat., Feb. 17, 8:30 and 10:30
Sun., Feb. 18

BUMPESTILTSKIN
Haifa, Wed., Feb. 21

CRIME AND FURNISHMENT
Haifa, Feb. 21, 22, 23
Wed., Feb. 22
Thurs., Mar. 1

STAGE 2
Premieres
STATUS
QUO VADIS
Documentary Review
Haifa
"Red Earthchild"
Mon., Feb. 19
Wed., Feb. 21
Eilat, Wed., Feb. 22

ZOA HOUSE
EXHIBITION OF REPRODUCTIONS of works by the well-known Dutch Artist, M.C. ESCHER
every day from 10 a.m. to 10 p.m.
Feb. 15-March 2
Z.O.A. House, 1 Rehov Daniel Frisch, Tel Aviv

Opera
A Night in Venice
Tel Aviv, Tel. 5722
Sun., Feb. 18
Tel Aviv

BATSHEVA dance company

NAHMANI HALL, Tel Aviv
(all performances at 8:30 p.m.)
Tues., Feb. 20 Sat., Feb. 24
Thurs., Feb. 22 Mon., Feb. 26
Tues., Feb. 27

Tickets: Kanaf, 88 Allenby Road, Tel Aviv and other ticket agencies, and at the Theatre box office, on the night of the performance.

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THE NATIONAL YUGOSLAV BALLET



TEL AVIV — Mann Auditorium — March 3, 5 — Gala Performance at 9 p.m.

GIVAT HAIM, Givat Haim, Tuesday, March 6 at 8 p.m.

HAIFA — Armon, Wednesday, March 7 at 9 p.m.

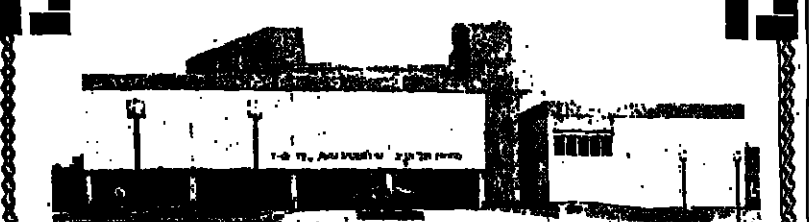
YIFAT — Yifat, Monday, March 12 at 9 p.m.

AYELET HAHAMAR — Rishonim, Tuesday, March 13 at 9 p.m.

NEKANYA — Sharon, Thursday, March 15 at 9 p.m.

JERUSALEM — Binyanei HaOman, Saturday, March 17, Gala Performance at 9 p.m.

Tickets for organized groups and reductions from Leon Agency, Tel. 231855, Tel Aviv.



This week at the Tel Aviv Museum

THE NEW BUILDING (97-29 Sd. Shaul Hamelech, Tel. 257841)
EXHIBITIONS
Contemporary Swiss Art (Ezra Hall — closing tomorrow)
Photographs by Ida (Graphics Hall)
MUSEUM COLLECTIONS
Israel Painting and Sculpture (Meyerhoff Hall)
From Impressionism to Abstract Art (Jagton Hall and Hall No. 4)
Kinetic Art (Hall Hall)
THE HELENA RUBINSTEIN PAVILION
EXHIBITIONS
Alma — Yair Garbus
The Helena Rubinstein Art Library (in the New Building) open: Sun.-Thurs. 10 a.m.-1 p.m., 4 p.m.-7 p.m. Friday: 10 a.m.-1 p.m.

EVENTS
Sat. Feb. 18 8:30 p.m.
CONCERT (Leon and Mathilde Reznal Auditorium)
Joseph Haydn Quartets performed by the New Israel String Quartet (No. 1, Op. 2, Op. 3, Op. 4, Op. 5, Op. 6, Op. 7, Op. 8, Op. 9, Op. 10, Op. 11, Op. 12, Op. 13, Op. 14, Op. 15, Op. 16, Op. 17, Op. 18, Op. 19, Op. 20, Op. 21, Op. 22, Op. 23, Op. 24, Op. 25, Op. 26, Op. 27, Op. 28, Op. 29, Op. 30, Op. 31, Op. 32, Op. 33, Op. 34, Op. 35, Op. 36, Op. 37, Op. 38, Op. 39, Op. 40, Op. 41, Op. 42, Op. 43, Op. 44, Op. 45, Op. 46, Op. 47, Op. 48, Op. 49, Op. 50, Op. 51, Op. 52, Op. 53, Op. 54, Op. 55, Op. 56, Op. 57, Op. 58, Op. 59, Op. 60, Op. 61, Op. 62, Op. 63, Op. 64, Op. 65, Op. 66, Op. 67, Op. 68, Op. 69, Op. 70, Op. 71, Op. 72, Op. 73, Op. 74, Op. 75, Op. 76, Op. 77, Op. 78, Op. 79, Op. 80, Op. 81, Op. 82, Op. 83, Op. 84, Op. 85, Op. 86, Op. 87, Op. 88, Op. 89, Op. 90, Op. 91, Op. 92, Op. 93, Op. 94, Op. 95, Op. 96, Op. 97, Op. 98, Op. 99, Op. 100).
Concert postponed from January 30, 1978.
Sun. Feb. 19 2 p.m.
FILM (Mally Kaufmann Hall)
Waterloo Bridge (U.S.A., 1940). Director: Mervyn Le Roy. With Robert Taylor, Vivien Leigh.
Wed. Feb. 22 8:30 p.m.
CONCERT (Leon and Mathilde Reznal Auditorium)
"New immigrant artists" (3) Yotam Yoran — cello. Works for cello, solo by Hindemith (Op. 26), Bach (O minor), Kodaly.
This series is organized by the Tel Aviv Museum in cooperation with the Tel Aviv Municipality, the Jewish Agency and the Association of Newspapers from the U.S.S.R.
Thurs. Feb. 23 8:30 p.m.
TALK (Mally Kaufmann Hall)
Yehuda Cohen — Leopold Sokolov on Enrico Caruso (1875-1921) with seldom heard records and slide projections. Organized by Istituto Italiano di Cultura.
The concerts are organized in cooperation with the Culture, Youth and Sports Department of the Tel Aviv Municipality.
Tickets available at the New Building. For concerts — also at "Union" 12 Rehov Dizengoff.
VISITING HOURS (both buildings)
Sunday, Mon., Wednesday, Thursday: 10 a.m.-1 p.m., 4 p.m.-7 p.m.
Tuesday: 10 a.m.-1 p.m., 4 p.m.-7 p.m.
Friday: 10 a.m.-3 p.m.; Saturday: 6 p.m.-10 p.m.

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